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IT is open to the German Staff to explain to the people that events since July 18th have exhibited the broad character of a voluntary retreat. They can explain that the chance of winding up the war by a bold stroke at Paris and the Channel ports was worth trying, even though probabilities were against its success; and that since the attempt failed, the one problem to be solved was that of withdrawing the German armies without too heavy loss to their original positions. One serious flaw in the argument must be patent, however, even to the German people. That is the amazing success of the British and colonial armies in breaking the Quéant-Drocourt line. The British victory at this point is a conclusive demonstration that there is no safety for the German armies behind the Hindenburg line. They must be prepared to fall back to positions in which greater reliance can be placed upon topography. Trench defenses are no longer sufficient against a superior enemy well supplied with gas shells and well equipped with tanks.

AT the time when the German offensive was most menacing it was natural that the British government should undertake a new combing out of the industrial population, already reduced below the point of safety by the successive drains of the four years of war. It was natural, but nevertheless not entirely intelligible to American observers. New recruits drawn from industry would not be ready for work at the front for many months; and in the meantime the transportation of American soldiers was proceeding at a rate that gave promise of supplying the force necessary to drive the Germans back. In taking men from mines and workshops, where they were performing perhaps the most essential work of the war, the British government was preparing against a future need that was almost certain to be supplied by the arrival of the Americans. The results of this policy are now manifesting themselves in the difficulty of keeping even the coal mines and the shipyards properly manned.

SOON after Count von Hertling took office he revealed a remarkable gift for making speeches that did not satisfy anybody in Germany. Practice has given this talent a sharper edge. His speech on Prussian franchise reform is a case in point. So far as we know in this country only one German newspaper likes it. Yet there is force in his argument that franchise reform should be regarded as "protection and maintenance of the crown and dynasty." As the war goes on, the determination not to make peace with the Hohenzollerns as Hohenzollerns grows stronger in every Allied country. When once this determination becomes clear to the German people they may come to the conclusion that any peace except a peace dictated by the Allies is impossible unless the Hohenzollerns consent to be made part of a democratic German machine. There is at present no sign that the Hohenzollerns have any intention of submitting to such a major operation.


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IT seems impossible that anyone should be surprised that German propaganda now enjoys undisputed control of the Russian field. What did we expect when we undertook a policy of intervention that made open war upon the party still in power in Russia, still able to expel from Russian soil every man who might undertake to explain the purity of our motives? On what side of the battle line did we expect to find the Bolsheviki and those who are open to Bolshevik suasion when we began to publish communiqués of the Ussuri front, the Manchurian front, the Arctic front? Our Russian policy is based upon an assumption of facts and a deduction from the assumption. The assumption is that the Soviet government is at the point of giving way to a regime more broadly based on the popular will; consequently the application of foreign pressure will crumple up that government. We must surely have discounted the probability that in the interval between the application of pressure and the crumpling up the existing regime would make all the mischief for us that it could. Also, we must have discounted the probability that in the same interval a perfectly hideous state of disorder would prevail in Russia. These are the initial costs of an enterprise that will later have to produce significant results if it is not to be enumerated among the unhappy mistakes of the war.

LEGISLATIVE irresponsibility under a government based on the theory of the separation of powers is well illustrated in two provisions in the revenue bill. The bill includes in taxable income interest from state and local bonds, although its framers admit that there is grave doubt of the constitutionality of such action. The compensation of the President and of the judges of the Supreme Court and all other federal courts as well as that of the officers and employees of state and local governments are made taxable. Here again the committee framing the bill expresses constitutional doubts. Equity and justice demand the subjection to the tax of incomes from state bonds and from federal and state offices. Does the Constitution forbid? What is the Constitution, anyway, between patriots? Anyone who wishes to take the matter to the courts may do so, if he cares to brave public opinion. Anyone, that is, except the members of the federal judiciary, who manifestly can not be permitted to pass on the constitutionality of laws affecting their own interests.

NO layman can read without bewilderment the protest of the railway security holders against the contract governing remuneration offered by the government. If the officials of the roads are contented with the contract, why should it be so disturbing to the security holders? Can it be that the officers have decided out of patriotism to sacrifice the interests of the owners? Fortunately a fair index of the losses the security holders may suffer is accessible to every one. The Stock Exchange reflects in its quotations the collective opinion of the best qualified business men on any event affecting real values. Did the prices of railway securities decline upon the publication of the contract? Not in the least. There was no fluctuation in prices in either direction that can be traced to the government's action. We seem justified, therefore, in concluding that the terms of the contract are substantially reasonable.

REPRESENTATIVE FESS, of Ohio, recently elected chairman of the Republican National Congressional Committee, may safely be assumed to speak with authority on the trend of orthodox Republican opinion. In his address to the party, issued September 7th, he asserts that Republican success in the coming elections "will be a guarantee against a compromise, and therefore, an inconclusive peace, a peace without victory, but an assurance of a definite peace dictated by victory on the field. It will also give to the country the reassurance of the resumption of normal operations when after the war legislation must supersede the many revolutionary measures now on our statute books as war emergency legislation." Peace in a world of unrelated national states merely through the exemplary punishment of Germany; prosperity at home through the abrogation of war emergency legislation; that in a nutshell is the Republican creed. By heroic effort the Republican imagination is able to rise to a glorified vision of the status quo ante at home and abroad and therefore conceives itself fit to guide the destinies of the nation through a period of adjustment to conditions altogether new.

THE Committee on Education of the New Jersey Legislature is preparing a bill for the reeducation for commercial and industrial life of disabled soldiers. Possibly the bill will be extended to cover munitions workers as well. Such an extension has everything to recommend it. Reeducation is a duty the state and nation owe to those who have been disabled in its service, and munitions production is as essential to the success of America at war as is service in the army. Even if there were no such valid analogy, however, the public duty of reeducation would remain. Formerly it was possible for us to close our eyes to the fact that scattered throughout our society there are hundreds of thousands of persons, disabled by acci-

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dent, needlessly forced to live out their lives in miserable parasitism. Now that we have come to a realization of the necessity of mobilizing all our forces, not only for war but for reconstructing society after the war, we see how short-sighted we were in neglecting the disabled. Where there is life, a place of usefulness can be found, and, with usefulness, a measure of happiness even for the most seriously handicapped. This is the principle we shall have to recognize. And this means ultimately the extension of the benefits of reeducation not only to munitions workers, but to all who are disabled, in industry or out of it. The sooner we act upon this principle, the more certain we shall be that when disabled soldiers return in large numbers from Europe, we shall have the facilities and technique for their proper reeducation.

A REMARKABLE experiment in education is one of the incidental consequences of lowering the draft age to eighteen. From the men of this age class the government is preparing to select apparently large numbers to receive training in the colleges. All the expenses of tuition and sustenance will be borne by the government and the courses of study pursued by the men will be controlled by the government with a view to meeting military requirements. By this plan young men of intellectual attainments sufficient to meet the college entrance requirements will get at least a taste of life in institutions from which they would in many cases have considered themselves forever debarred by poverty. Many of them will probably find their way back to the colleges after the war. Not less interesting will be the effect upon the colleges of an infusion of young men under definite obligation to devote themselves exclusively to their studies, military and academic. Perhaps the country club atmosphere, said to hang around certain of our colleges, will be lifted at least temporarily. It would be a great gain to the colleges and to the democracy at large if a permanent system of selecting young men for college education under national auspices were to grow out of these beginnings.

SOME of the reasons offered to American newspaper readers in explanation of the German retreat rank high among the imbecilities produced or disclosed by the war. Take, for example, the suggestion that the Germans are withdrawing because they think a peace offensive more likely to succeed if it is started behind the Hindenburg line. However, the stupidest things of all are designed not for American but for German consumption. It is a German newspaper which offers, it is German readers who are expected to swallow, the guess that General Foch's continued offensive is a sign that he does not count much on American help. If he trusted to American help, asks this German paper, why should he keep on pushing and pushing at this time, before more than a few Americans have taken their places on the firing line?

MISS RANKIN, the first woman elected to Congress, has failed in the Montana primaries to get the Republican nomination for United States Senator. The two other defeated candidates are men. The successful candidate is a man. Newspapers that are dead against woman suffrage and the election of women to office are purring and licking their chops because Miss Rankin has failed. Their conduct is natural enough, but in the circumstances unwise. It is part of Congresswoman Rankin's record that she said "I love my country but I cannot vote for war" and "I know of no one else who is in favor of conscription." Do people whose rejoicing over Miss Rankin's defeat is largely due to her sex believe that if she had been a man these anti-war utterances would not have been enough to beat her? If they believe this will they say it? If they don't believe it, why has their exultation such an anti-feminist ring?

MR. SCHWAB'S argument against building an increased number of concrete ships would be perfectly valid if we had to choose between steel ships and concrete instead of taking both. It is no doubt true that the most economical ship is the one of ten thousand tons or more, and nobody has proposed to build concrete ships exceeding 7,500 tons in the present state of the art of concrete construction. By all means let us build all the steel ships we can. But the concrete ship builders point to the fact that the material to be used for concrete hulls draws nothing from the material used for steel ship building. It is not even necessary to draw upon the steel mills for reinforcing rods, since such rods are available in warehouses in an amount sufficient for ten millions or more of shipping. The concrete shipbuilders ask for none of the labor required for steel shipbuilding. They would be content to draw from unessential industries. The ships will need engines and fittings, and here Mr. Schwab points to a shortage. But it is a question whether we have actually mobilized all our resources for producing engines and other ship equipment. Why not let private concrete shipbuilders who are willing to venture their own money on their beliefs, proceed with construction, with the right to find equipment so long as they keep out of the way of government demands? If we want the ships they build we can take them; if we don't, private enterprise could make them yield excess profits for our treasury.

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# The Socialist Programme

TWO years ago the Socialist parties were discredited throughout the world. In Germany, where the Socialists were strongest, they were ruined by an opportunism that made them willing tools of military autocracy. In the Allied countries their position was compromised by a doctrinism that made them incapable of distinguishing between the cause of Germany and that of the nations she sought to enslave. If war records were conclusive, no Socialist could have hoped that his party would ever rise again.

But a war record is not everything even in time of war. In war as we know it today every political relation is profoundly affected. Old issues lose their reality; new issues emerge on every hand. The traditional capital of political parties wastes remorselessly, but this depreciation of assets is likely to escape the attention of the conventional party leaders, preoccupied with the conduct of the war or bent upon direct criticism of it. In England conservatives and liberals, in the intervals between all-absorbing military events, are fondly planning to revive the tariff reform controversy that was really alive in the opening years of the century. In America, old-line Republicans and Democrats dream of a future when elections can be won or lost on the issues of protectionism or tariff for revenue only. Meanwhile they fail altogether to take account of the possibility of appropriating the vital political capital represented by the issues of the new time.

This is the opportunity of the Socialists and they are seizing it. In England the Socialists have broadened their platform to cover all the natural aspirations of labor and have succeeded in possessing themselves of most of the democratic issues of the time. To parallel this exploit is the manifest intention of the American Socialist party.

We have noted in an earlier issue that in the Socialist programme the essentially democratic war aims of the nations allied against Germany are endorsed. The programme demands representation of labor and suppressed races and nationalities at the peace conference and the organization of a world federation, with legislative as well as judicial powers, to obviate disputes as well as to settle such disputes as may nevertheless arise. Keeping the peace would be an important function of such a federation but not the exclusive one, as in the traditional ante-bellum schemes for a League of Nations. The Socialist project involves international control of exchange and of foreign investment, and international labor legislation.

The Socialist programme is, however, chiefly concerned with matters of domestic policy. As might have been expected, the demand for government ownership of public utilities and basic industries is insistent. It is proposed that compensation to private owners, "if any," should in no case exceed the original cost of the physical property, and such compensation should be paid, so far as possible, out of taxation and operating revenue. In order that government ownership may not result in a new tyranny over labor, the programme demands that the right to organize be granted to all government employees and that the right to strike be in no case denied or abridged. It also urges the universal institution of shop committees of workmen as a guarantee of democratic participation in management. The programme demands a national policy on employment, including a permanent system of employment agencies, the development of vocational education, the organization of a construction service to carry on public works and to provide apprenticeship for returning soldiers and other workers seeking permanent employment on the land or in the exploitation of natural resources. It urges the acquisition and permanent retention of agricultural lands needed by returned soldiers; the encouragement of agricultural cooperation; the enactment of laws prohibiting child labor; legislation establishing absolute freedom to organize, to strike, to picket and to boycott; social insurance.

The Socialist programme demands war profits taxation of one hundred per cent; income and inheritance taxes progressing to one hundred per cent; taxation of unused land at its full rental value. It proposes the acquisition by the government of all banks essential to business and industry and complete democratic control of credit and finance.

These are the principal points in the economic programme of the Socialist party. At a glance they reveal the fact that a new political sagacity is at work in that doctrine-ridden political group. We are no longer confronted by a series of corollaries from Marx, but by issues set by the time. Point by point the Socialist programme corresponds with the facts of recent experience. We already have what amounts to public ownership of the railways. What shall be done with the railways after the war is an open question with hosts of Americans. The Socialists would make government operation perpetual. Whether government operation will have to be extended to other fields most of us are uncertain. The Socialists would extend it to all basic industries. We have a large measure of government control of finance. Whether it will be necessary to consolidate government control and continue it after the war is a matter on which few have made up their minds. The Socialists have a perfectly definite opinion. We do not know

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whether we have reached the limit in taxation of war profits that stops at eighty per cent or taxation of income that stops at seventy per cent. The Socialists develop the logic of our taxation tendencies to the final one hundred per cent. What we do know is that the longer the war lasts and the more serious the problems of reconstruction the nearer shall we be forced to approximate the Socialist position in our official policies.

But how can it profit the Socialists as a party to proclaim principles based upon the actual practice of another party in control of the government? It will profit them not at all if the Democratic party boldly asserts its intention of carrying over into peace so much of its economic programme as is not directly conditioned upon a state of war. The export embargoes, for instance, are directly derived from war. Only in the most exceptional cases would they have any value for peace. Unification of transportation, on the other hand, is a need revealed by war but not created by it. The need for a nation-wide system of employment agencies is felt in every industrial crisis. It has merely been emphasized by war. And so with most of the economic war policies of the present administration. They contain a kernel of permanent need.

If then due recognition is accorded to this fact by either of the older parties, there will be no place in American political life for the Socialist party, except as an organ of agitation for ideals nobody expects to realize in practice. The Socialists may retain a small political capital, but not enough for ambitious adventuring. Now, so far as the Republicans are concerned, the Socialist capital is safe. As matters are tending, the Republicans are moving toward the position of criticism and obstruction. They intend to build their future upon ancient history; the hesitation of the administration to enter the war; the occasional inefficiencies in conducting it; they hope, the conclusion of peace before all the rage of the bitter-ender is slaked. To these issues they will add traditional protectionism and a demand for the restoration of the status quo in business and industry.

The real menace to Socialistic prospects lies in the Democratic party. There can be no question that under the leadership of Mr. Wilson that party has evolved steadily toward a concept of democracy that includes economic as well as political elements. But the strain of this evolution upon the mass of Mr. Wilson's following has been great. It is difficult to conceive that the average southern Democrat is willing as yet to see in the administration's labor policy anything but a war measure, a necessary evil to be patriotically borne without flinching. So also with a fiscal policy that smacks of equalitarianism. Thus it may well be that the Democratic party will seek to withdraw from the advanced economic position it has been forced to occupy in the war. On the mere record of a war won it can probably renew its lease of power. Why borrow trouble?

This is the hope of the Socialists. The war will have opened many minds to the desirability of a larger measure of economic democracy than the world knew before 1914. It will have exhibited in successful operation many forms of control in the interest of democracy that before 1914 could have been dismissed as mere theory. Herein lies an undeveloped political capital for some party. The Republicans will have none of it. The Democrats will view it askance. If they too decide to wrap themselves up in their tradition, the Socialists may get final title to the claim which they have staked out in their programme. In such an event the Socialist party may well have a significant part to play in American political history.

## The Revenue Bill

IF proofs were needed that the American democracy, not any narrow minority, is directing the war policy of the country, the revenue bill and its reception would give them abundantly. Here is a measure that proposes to raise the bulk of eight billions from large profits, large incomes, estates, luxuries. Its primary justification, to be sure, is efficiency for war. A nation that can command a revenue of eight billions is a nation that can not be distracted in its war purposes by the fear of economic exhaustion. If we can raise so vast a sum by taxation we can, if necessary, remain at war for half a decade without disturbing our national finances. But the revenue bill is also an equalitarian measure. Its enactment may not go far toward correcting the inequalities that prevailed before 1914, but it will certainly offer a powerful check to the tendencies toward new inequalities arising out of the condition of war. While we were still neutral practically the whole of the profits from war demands and rising prices were concentrated in the hands of the few. We generated millionaires at an astounding rate. Perhaps we shall continue to generate them, but with a war profits tax of eighty per cent and taxes on millionaires' incomes ranging from twenty-five per cent to over seventy per cent the rate of increase in large fortunes is bound to slacken. The revenue bill cuts deep. And what is really astonishing, there is scarcely any outcry. The professional champions of vested interests in the House and in the Senate make their protests small and sandwich them between asseverations of loyalty and prayers for the destruction of the enemy. The anti-democratic

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press remains silent or gives cautious expression to the fear that business effort may be lamed by an unduly heavy tax burden or that private zeal may flag when the government appropriates too large a proportion of the reward of enterprise.

The enemies of democracy are terrorized. They plainly foresee a time when a record of opposition to a measure taxing wealth heavily for war will be as embarrassing as a record of opposition to the selective draft has already proved to be. In itself this is a very reassuring condition. It offers a guarantee that the spirit of democracy will remain dominant in America through the period of the war. We shall not stop fighting until the democratic objects of the war have been attained, even though a formerly powerful minority may come to see, like Lansdowne, that prolongation of the war makes a restoration of the old order of privilege more and more problematical. Nor shall we continue fighting after our democratic aims have been attained, though a minority may come to see possibilities of new privileges in a reinvigorated imperialism arising out of the war. The democracy that can tithe wealth without eliciting audible protest has a will that can prevail. For this the world will have reason to be thankful.

But is there not after all danger that a financial measure which those most directly interested dare not criticize seriously, may offend against the canons of sound finance and actually weaken the nation in the industrial effort essential to success in war? To appropriate to government uses eighty per cent of war profits, for example, may represent a great improvement in distribution. Will it not discourage production?

A detailed examination of the war profits provision does not lend color to the view that it will discourage production. There were great numbers of corporations that made no profits at all in the peace years 1911-1913. A strict war profits tax of eighty per cent would therefore take four-fifths of all they are making now, and that might easily discourage them. But the revenue bill does not contain a strict war profits provision. It exempts, together with a $3,000 minimum, ten per cent on invested capital. No company will retire from business if it is allowed to earn ten per cent on its capital. No company will refrain from making additional investments that promise to be lucrative if it is guaranteed an exemption of ten per cent on the profit it makes. And such an exemption is guaranteed under the present bill.

But is it not frequently the case that extensions of plant made in war time will be worthless in time of peace, and that therefore such extensions will fail to be made unless much more than ten per cent of profits is exempt from taxation? This is a difficulty that can be obviated by correct accounting. Buildings erected or equipment secured for war use only ought to be amortized heavily before receipts are counted as taxable profit. The revenue bill allows a maximum of twenty-five per cent amortization, but it provides further that at any time within three years the allowance may be re-examined; if found too low it will be increased and overpaid taxes will be refunded. Thus unless actual profits are earned above the value of capital rendered obsolete by peace, no tax will be retained by the government. It can not therefore be honestly maintained that the revenue bill places a veto upon war-plant extensions which offer a fair prospect of success—the only kind on which the nation can afford to risk its productive resources.

Nor is there anything discouraging to industry in the excess profits provision of the revenue bill. Eight per cent on capital is exempt in any event; and no corporation management will refuse to earn an additional seven per cent because thirty-five per cent of such excess will go in taxes, or a further addition of five per cent of which the government will take half. Of profits exceeding twenty per cent the government will take seventy per cent, but even this leaves a surplus well worth striving for. The individual income tax is not seriously burdensome upon any income that is produced by labor of body or mind. Where it rests with greatest weight is on large incomes from property, accruing without special creative effort on the part of their recipients. Corporations will declare dividends, mortgages will yield interest, lands and buildings will yield rent whether such incomes are taxed or not.

But if the rich are deprived of a large proportion of their incomes will not their power to subscribe to war loans be correspondingly reduced? Will they not be less able to invest savings in productive enterprises that indirectly serve the national need? Unquestionably. But it is no argument against taxation that every dollar the government takes means a dollar less that may be subscribed to war loans or to the capital of essential industries. If we taxed less we could raise larger loans, but we should need larger loans. The only valid moral to be derived from the premises is that when we get the new revenue measure into operation we shall have to change somewhat the strategy of our loan campaigns. There will be less free purchasing power in the hands of our richer citizens; therefore more must come from persons of modest means.

The recipients of small incomes have already exhibited a willingness to make sacrifices for the sake of contributing to the Liberty Loans. They will have to make still more sacrifices if the government

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is to raise the sixteen billions needed in addition to the maximum revenues we can raise by taxes upon the more prosperous classes. But the sacrifice will appear to be worth while now that by its taxation proposals the government is demonstrating again that the spirit of democracy guides it not only in its war aims, but in its domestic policy as well.

## Springfield and Bridgeport

THE simultaneous strikes of the machinists of Bridgeport, Connecticut, and of the Smith and Wesson Company, of Springfield, Massachusetts, against awards of the War Labor Board have developed a new and serious crisis in our war industries. The rebellious action of the employees in the one case and of the employers in the other is certain to evoke a torrent of vituperative censure of either side by partisans of the other. Certain employers and their press organs have already made the action of the Bridgeport machinists the basis of hot indictments of trade unions and trade union leaders in general. The action of the Smith and Wesson Company is being widely cited in trade union meeting places as a sample of the lawless selfishness of all employers. Nothing but bad blood and destructive confusion can come from such mutual recrimination. The truth is that both employers and organized workers, taken by and large, have shown a marked disposition to place the public interest above their immediate special interests. The Bridgeport and Smith and Wesson cases, like the case of the carpenters in the shipyards last winter and the more recent Western Union case, are exceptional. The sober patriotism of the great body of employers and workers may be counted upon to steady the crisis and to prevent the spread of the spirit of lawlessness provided the government on its part supplies a consistent and workable remedy.

For the government is in some measure responsible for the rebellious action both of the employers in Springfield and of the machinists in Bridgeport. With respect to the fundamental issues in each case, the government is divided against itself. The first section in the award of the War Labor Board in the Smith and Wesson case declares that the practice of the company in times past of binding its employees by individual agreements not to join a union "even if such contracts were lawful when made, is contrary to the principles of the National War Labor Board and should be discontinued for the period of the war." The company in rejecting the award of the board appeals to the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the case of Hitchman Coal and Coke Co. v. Mitchell et al., in which the Supreme Court upheld the legality of restrictive individual contracts and denied the right of the unions to attempt to persuade men bound by such contracts to join their organizations. The company argues that it is inconceivable that the President in creating the War Labor Board should have intended to authorize the board to abrogate the decrees of the Supreme Court. The President's action in the Western Union case would seem to supply a sufficient answer to this argument. But if doubt on so crucial a question exists in the mind of the Smith and Wesson Company it probably exists in the minds of many other employers. Does the authority of the War Labor Board supersede the authority of the United States Supreme Court for the period of the war? In view of the contrary opinion of the Smith and Wesson Company the fact should be re-defined in the clearest and most explicit terms.

Similarly, the machinists of Bridgeport seek to justify their strike against the award handed down by Mr. Otto M. Eidlitz in behalf of the War Labor Board on the ground that Mr. Eidlitz has contravened the established policy of the government itself.

What these machinists are contending for is the maintenance of their standard of living and their status as skilled workmen. The exigent demands of the war have flooded the machine shops with highly specialized, often one-process machines, which can be operated by machine tenders after a few days of instruction. The ranks of the all-round machinists, whose skill represents years of apprenticeship, are being shot to pieces by the in-rush of thousands of unskilled operatives. The contention of the skilled machinists of Bridgeport is that the new machines must not be permitted to disrupt their standards, that the incoming hosts of unskilled operatives must be raised to the high level of the traditional standards of the craft instead of being used to smash their union and beat down the skilled men to their unskilled level.

This is the position which the government took when the cantonments were to be built. In creating the Cantonment Labor Adjustment Board, Secretary Baker signed an agreement with Mr. Gompers which explicitly provided that the union standards of wages, hours and conditions should be recognized as basic standards. The same policy was adopted by the Shipbuilding Labor Adjustment Board in organizing the vast labor force of the shipyards. It has long been the established policy of the government in the navy yards and arsenals. Indeed, it was accepted as the basis of the award handed down by the Labor Adjustment Board of Army Ordnance as recently as May 29, 1918, in this same Bridgeport case. The Army Ordnance Board unanimously decided that stand-

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ard minimum rates should be established in the Bridgeport munition plants and that all workers there should be classified on the basis of the trade union classification for which the striking machinists are now contending. The workers have been led to believe that this decision of the Army Ordnance Board, for which they had been waiting since August, 1917, would be final and binding. But it was the employers who then refused to comply. They appealed against the decision to the Secretary of War, who in turn referred the controversy to the War Labor Board. The War Labor Board, unable to reach an agreement, selected Mr. Eidlitz as umpire, and Mr. Eidlitz proceeded to reverse the Labor Adjustment Board of Army Ordnance.

But this is not the full extent of the confusion. While the controversy was pending before the War Labor Board—the Taft-Walsh Board—the War Labor Policies Board, of which Mr. Felix Frankfurter is chairman, announced that under instructions from Congress it was preparing to promulgate definitive wage standards for all war industries and that, as in the case of the cantonments and shipyards, these standards would be based upon union standards and classifications. It is not altogether surprising, therefore, that the machinists of Bridgeport now declare that they are striking in support of the government's own established policy as against the individual ruling of Mr. Eidlitz.

Of course there is no sufficient ground upon which a defiance of the decrees of the War Labor Board can be justified. But the remedy lies neither in a general commandeering of munitions factories nor in the conscription of labor. The government is already having the greatest difficulty in finding men competent to conduct the vast amount of business it already has on its hands, and to apply force to recalcitrant labor would probably do more to increase sabotage than production. When, early in the war, the coal miners of England rebelled against a governmental decree, the British government found that it could not get out coal either by sending hundreds of thousands of miners to jail or by forcing them into the army.

What the situation requires is not militarism in industry, but responsible self-government in industry. The remedy is to be found in the precedent established by the present War Labor Board when it was still the War Labor Conference Board with advisory instead of judicial powers. The constitution or Body of Principles upon which the War Labor Board now operates was drafted by representative employers and trade unionists as principles of general application; it was designed to avert disputes by anticipatory definition of guiding principles quite as much as to provide the machinery for the adjustment of particular disputes after they arose. As an industrial parliament, the War Labor Conference Board probably did more to stabilize American industry than its heir and successor, the War Labor Board, has done through the highly important decisions it has rendered as a court.

In the light of the Springfield and Bridgeport cases, the time would seem ripe for the creation of National Industrial Conference Boards to do for each industry what the original conference board sought to do for industry as a whole. If, for instance, there existed a National Conference Board of the Metal Industry, made up of representative employers and workers in the metal trades, it might work out through conference and in advance of particular disputes the wise application of the general principles of the War Labor Board to the specific problems of this particular industry, which happens to be the industry to which both the Smith and Wesson Company and the Bridgeport machinists belong. The chances are that with such industrial conference boards in existence, industrial government would proceed increasingly by way of anticipatory agreement and democratic legislation, and less and less by executive order and piece-meal litigation. They would be the recognized channels through which the government would establish working relations with industrial groups as a whole, just as it has done through the Shipbuilding Labor Adjustment Board with the shipbuilding industries. They would tend to clear up the present riot of conflicting agencies and jurisdictions and policies which appears to be stirring up the spirit of civil war in our munitions industries at a time when what we most need is the spirit of cooperation and the subordination of special interests to the great common purpose of the nation.

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# The Nonpartisan League and the Loyalty Issue

CRITICISMS of the Nonpartisan League—the farmers' movement which started in North Dakota a few years ago and is proving one of the puzzling factors in state and congressional campaigns of several western states—range all the way from the serious to the ludicrous. The first of these extremes is represented by the often-repeated charge of disloyalty, which, no matter how little justified by facts, is not to be taken lightly in these hysterical days. The other extreme is represented by the criticism that the farmer is squandering the $8.00 annual dues which he pays for membership in the organization. As the farmer considers the former criticism he grows bitterly resentful over what he regards as its injustice; but the latter only provokes him to hilarious mirth. The idea of the "city fellers" suddenly worrying over his extravagance amuses him greatly. League members tell with great glee of the banker who said to one of their number the other day, "Bill, I wish you'd tell me what you get for the money you pay in to the Nonpartisan League." To which Bill replied, "Well, for one thing I get a damn sight more sleep out of it than you do!"

The criticism that has proved most embarrassing to the League is that of disloyalty and sedition. Even the League leaders would admit that the opposition—"Big Biz," as they call it in North Dakota—has been able to cause them a great deal of trouble on this score.

So far as the general public is concerned, the disloyalty charge hangs largely on the speech of Senator La Follette's, at St. Paul last September, which caused such a storm of protest as to attract the attention of a senatorial investigating committee. Just why the League should be blamed for Senator La Follette's opinion is not altogether clear. The gathering was a producers' and consumers' conference, at which were represented farmers' organizations from sixteen states and labor organizations from eleven states. It was called to consider purely economic problems arising out of the war, such as farm marketing, taxation and the utopian ideal of bringing about a closer relationship between the producer and the consumer, so that the former may receive more for his products while the latter pays less. Senator La Follette was invited, like Senator Borah and others, to speak on war taxation and financing. When the promoters of the conference learned that his manuscript contained some severe criticisms of the President on the grounds of usurping congressional powers, they were greatly alarmed. There is something more than a suspicion that they had promised that there would be no criticism of the President at the meeting. After considerable urging Senator La Follette, at the last minute, agreed to make a different speech, but instead of delivering the one on representative government, with which he has so long entertained Chautauqua audiences, he spoke extemporaneously. On being heckled by men in the audience, he lost his head and the last state of the men who had induced him to forego his prepared remarks was worse than the first. At all events the opposition got exactly what it wanted—a chance to raise the loyalty issue against the League, in spite of the fact that the Nonpartisan Leader (the organization's official weekly publication) disavowed Senator La-Follette's remarks and the League leaders were frankly chagrined.

It is noticeable that those who base their charges of disloyalty on this gathering fail to call attention to the resolutions adopted by the conference (following Senator La Follette's speech) which endorsed in the strongest possible terms the President's reply to the Pope's peace appeal as a statement of our war aims. Among other things, the resolutions said:

> We join our Allies in this struggle, and to the end that justice, liberty, equality and democracy, political and industrial, shall be the heritage of all mankind, we pledge our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor to our country and our flag, in this our war. Inspired by patriotic and loyal devotion to the principles of democracy, true to the ideals of our fathers in upholding and defending human rights and liberties, and single in our purpose to help make the world safe for democracy, political and industrial, we do hereby reaffirm our unalterable loyalty to our fellow citizens and our government in this world struggle and in their every need.

Friends of the League point to the above and to the fact that practically all the programme of war economics, which they advocated in these resolutions, have since been made a part of the nation's war policies, as better evidence of their sentiments than anything which Senator La Follette might say before them.

It was for circulating these resolutions, nearly a year after their passage, that President A. C. Townley and others of the League leaders were

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indicted in Minnesota, just before the primary election, after a bitter campaign. In discharging them recently the Minnesota Supreme Court, not regarded as especially friendly to the League, said:

> The language complained of can have no reference or application to the participation of the United States in the war, at least not in the discouragement of enlistments, nor in the advocacy of withholding aid and assistance in the prosecution of the same. A verdict to the contrary cannot be sustained. This court cannot by inference inject matter of substance between the lines and predicate a conviction thereon, for the facts and not the prosecutor's inferences must be the basis for a conviction under the statute. The resolutions, taken as a whole, appear to be nothing more serious than a rhetorical and somewhat flamboyant platform, upon which a certain class of citizens are solicited to join an organization, whose avowed purpose is the amelioration of the alleged evils of present economic conditions, and to bring about a more equal distribution of the wealth of the world among all classes of mankind. The pursuit of this object does not violate the statute in question. It is perhaps not out of place here to say that the resolutions have not yet attracted the attention of federal authorities. Reversed.

In spite of this decision, which did not come until after the Minnesota primaries had been held, the indictment of the president of the Nonpartisan League for sedition, widely heralded by the opposition, doubtless had the effect of prejudicing against the organization hundreds of thousands of people who never heard of the Minnesota Supreme Court's subsequent action.

It is undoubtedly true that the League has suffered because of the attitude of some of its members immediately prior to and following the entrance of the United States into the war. Enthusiasm for the war in those early days decreased in direct proportion to the distance from either coast, and especially the Atlantic coast. There is little doubt but that a majority of grain belt farmers were opposed to our entering the war at that time. They had been officially enjoined by the administration to preserve an attitude of strict neutrality. They had helped re-elect Mr. Wilson because "he kept us out of war." When the war clouds suddenly broke they could not understand it all, and in this respect they differed little from many of those who are today criticizing their earlier position. But there is not a question in the world but that the great mass of the membership of the League and its leaders are thoroughly loyal and doing everything they can to help win the war today. Their sons are in the army; their wives and daughters are sewing for the Red Cross and they themselves are buying Liberty Bonds, War Savings Stamps and contributing to all war activities generously.

The League has also suffered through political blunders. For ex-Congressman Lindbergh, the League's candidate for Governor of Minnesota, realized the Biblical wish of all enemies by writing a book, whose bungling expressions on the war came home to roost later, when published by the opposition during the campaign. Hereafter League leaders will carefully investigate the literary records of all men before they select them as standard bearers.

For a time the loyalty issue threatened to play havoc with the organization. But through it all one thing that has been most noticeable is that there has never been any action taken against it by federal authorities. It has always been by local officials, where the League threatened the established political and economic order. Today the League, fortified with the record of North Dakota, which had the largest oversubscription to the second Liberty Loan of any state in the Union (in spite of two preceding crop failures); by the resolutions of loyalty and pledges of support to the government, adopted at all of its gatherings; by the splendid war record of its state administration in North Dakota; and, perhaps most effective of all, by its certificates of good character from men and agencies prominent in the war administration, seems to be repairing some of the damage which has resulted from the attacks on its loyalty.

Among the latter agencies, in counteracting popular suspicion against it, is a letter from Mr. George Creel, chairman of the Committee on Public Information, to Mr. John A. Simpson, state president of the Oklahoma Farmers' Union, an organization entirely unaffiliated with the Nonpartisan League. This letter reads as follows:

> Washington, May 13, 1918.
>
> My dear Mr. Simpson:
>
> It is not true that the federal government is pressing the Nonpartisan League in any manner or that the federal government considers it an act of disloyalty to be a member of this league. The federal government is not concerned with the political, economic or industrial beliefs of any organization at a time like this, insisting only that every organization, as well as every individual, shall stand behind this war, believing absolutely in the justice of America's position. The Nonpartisan League, by resolution and organized effort, has given this pledge of loyalty; North Dakota, controlled by this organization politically, has as fine a record of war support as any other commonwealth in the union. Mr. Baer, its representative in the lower house, has never been criticized for a single utterance that might be termed disloyal. Mr. Townley is under indictment in Minnesota, and there is a very bitter fight being made on the League in that state by certain groups; with this the government has nothing to do, refusing absolutely to take part in these local differences.
>
> Very sincerely,
>
> George Creel, Chairman.

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Ex-Congressman Kent, of California, a member of the Federal Tariff Commission, is another of President Wilson's appointees who has given the Nonpartisan League a clean bill of health. Mr. Kent attended the League's state convention in Minnesota and in North Dakota last spring, at which he said: "I am going back to Washington and tell them what my eyes have seen and my ears have heard—that you are absolutely loyal." Recently Mr. Kent wrote a letter to J. Weller Long, of Madison, Wisconsin, secretary of the influential American Society of Equity, an old and well established farmers' organization that is not connected in any way with the Nonpartisan League, in which, among other things, he said:

> The persecution of farm organizations, notably the Nonpartisan League, shows the need of a united demand for our civil liberties, the right of peaceful assemblage, the open channels of publicity, and the prosecution, through the national government, if the states fail in their duty, of those who conspire against the constitution. The persecution of the Nonpartisan League for alleged sedition is but typical of much that is being done by piratical, profiteering patrioteers, and by those who, through their ignorance, have been used as cats-paws. There has never been a viler abuse of the sanctity of the flag than is represented by this "denouncing" in the name of patriotism. The denouncing is being done by those fortified with the power of money and of privilege. It is well that our agricultural population is inherently careful and conservative.

The Committee on Public Information, composed of Mr. Creel, chairman, and Secretaries Lansing, Baker and Daniels, issued in press bulletin form recently a series of articles by Mr. Harvey O'Higgins, entitled The German Whisper, which was sent to the metropolitan press of the country, from which it failed to receive much publicity throughout the middle west. The reason may be apparent when the following quotation from it is read:

> Along with the campaign to set the farmer against the government's war measures, there has been proceeding a twin campaign to arouse feeling against him by accusing his western farmers' leagues of disloyalty. That is equally a work in aid of the enemy. The western farmers have contributed their quotas to enlistments and to the drafts as loyally as any citizens They have subscribed to liberty loans and contributed to the war relief work with unfailing patriotism. They have had their quarrels with the men whom they suspected of exploiting them, just as labor has had its quarrels with its employers. But so long as it is conducted without interfering with the nation's war work, the charge of disloyalty is itself traitorous.

While the committee's bulletin did not specifically mention the Nonpartisan League, still the newspaper editors who had been attacking its loyalty thought they knew who it meant. And the farmers agree that for once the opposition press guessed right.

But the big shell, which the farmers are using as the final blast in their publicity bombardment—a super-gun with a range all the way from the White House to the heart of the middle west—is an editorial in the April issue of the Short Ballot Bulletin, a publication that carries at the top of its editorial page the magic name of Woodrow Wilson. Hypercritical ones might suggest that the President probably is not finding much time these days for writing editorials, but the farmers point to his name at the head of the page, on which it is printed, and are satisfied. It reads in part as follows:

> The farmers of North Dakota and throughout the Northwest are getting government into their own hands. In these great agricultural states they are "the people" in fact, and they have decided to be so politically. What is most interesting from our point of view is that they have been so practical about it. They have had the good sense to adopt the same tactics which have brought success to their opponents—"Big Biz," as they call it in North Dakota. That is to say, the great grain elevator corporations would never have become powerful unless they learned the lesson that in concentration there is strength. . . Responsibility with power is just as good in a democracy as in an autocracy. The only thing needful is to see that the people are securely established behind the guns. Then you have the making of an efficient democracy—something the world has sighed for but never yet realized. It looks as though North Dakota might lead the way.

Backed up with such credentials as these from Washington the embattled farmers are content to let nature take its course. They are satisfied as to their own thorough-going loyalty, and if the heathen continue to rage and the people imagine a vain thing, they should worry, so long as the federal government is their friend. As Arthur Le Sueur, of St. Paul, executive secretary and one of the brainy leaders of the League, put it: "Time and again we have proven our loyalty by our words, in resolutions, speeches and publications, and they have said we were lying; then we have proven our faith by our works, in supporting all the governmental war activities, and they have said it was mere camouflage to conceal our real feelings. Men who will not believe either our words or our deeds do not want to believe them, and all we can do is to go ahead performing our duties as loyal citizens and trusting in time and the sense of fairness of the American people to vindicate us from such false charges."

The fact that the federal authorities are not opposing the League and that the League leaders apparently have influential friends in the administration at Washington is beginning to cause con-

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siderable worry in the ranks of Republican politicians, who are wondering if they have not gotten themselves in a bad jam for the 1920 campaign. The League is claiming about 300,000 farmer members, and in several states, notably in Minnesota, the organized farmers and union labor in the cities are working hand in glove. While there has not been any marked difference in the attitude of the two old parties toward the League, it has fallen largely to the Republican party, which happens to be in power in most of the states where the League has been active, to bear the brunt of the fighting. As the Republican leaders observe this fact and the apparently friendly attitude of the present national administration towards the League, they begin to fear that they have been tricked into a position that may lose them half a million or more of exceedingly precious votes in the next presidential campaign. They begin to wish that they had all possessed the political astuteness of Governor Harding of Iowa, who has absolutely refused to allow himself to be drawn into any position of open hostility to the League. Stranger things have happened than that, as the next campaign rolls around, both old parties should be appealing for League votes with protestations of respect and friendship.

A wise politician of the old school in Minnesota expressed his candid opinion of the disloyalty issue, with a wink at a newspaper reporter not long ago, when he said: "If the Nonpartisan League is disloyal, how does it come that the Council of Defense and the entire state administration of North Dakota, which is the only state in which the League has full control, has made such a splendid record in war work? But," he added hastily, "for Heaven's sake don't quote me!" Which merely corroborated the correspondent's impression, that wherever the League gains much strength and the fighting gets fast and furious, there is one organization whose membership exceeds that of the League, and that is the "Don't-Quote-Me" Club.

AUSTIN P. HAINES.

# American Ideals of Poetry

## I.

POETRY that has life for its subject, and democratic reality, is rather expected to manifest that irregular flow and exuberance of material over structure with which Walt Whitman challenged the world. In America at least the freedom and poignant candor of strong art are associated with the tradition that he founded, and little is granted to that other tradition which finds its original in Edgar Allan Poe. There existed in Europe, however, a succession of poets whose eyes turned back in admiration to Poe, and they were the poets of reality and those who touched the mood of social revolt. And for my part I think there is a modern validity in the attitudes of both these poets, a certain adjudication between them which a perfectly impersonal science might propose, and which might clarify the purpose of those who are seeking a still greater and more democratic future for poetry.*

They will all be familiar, I suppose, with Walt Whitman's ideal of an American poetry so free and strong and untrammelled of ornamentation, that it should go out of the books it was published in and stand up with the hills and forests of the earth. "The poetry of the future," he said, "aims at the free expression of emotion (which means far, far more than appears at first) and to arouse and initiate, more than to define or finish. . .

> In my opinion the time has arrived to essentially break down the barriers of form between prose and poetry. I say the latter is henceforth to win and maintain its character regardless of rhyme, and the measurement-rules of iambic, spondee, dactyl, etc., and that even if rhyme and those measurements continue to furnish the medium for inferior writers and themes (especially for persiflage and the comic, as there seems henceforward, to the perfect taste, something inevitably comic in rhyme, merely in itself, and anyhow), the truest and greatest *Poetry* (while subtly and necessarily always rhythmic, and distinguishable easily enough), can never again, in the English language, be expressed in arbitrary and rhyming metre, any more than the greatest eloquence, or the truest power and passion. While admitting that the venerable and heavenly forms of chiming versification have in their time play'd great and fitting parts—that the pensive complaint, the ballads, wars, amours, legends of Europe, etc., have, many of them, been inimitably render'd in rhyming verse—that there have been very illustrious poets whose shapes the mantle of such verse has beautifully and appropriately envelopt—and though the mantle has fallen, with perhaps added beauty, on some of our own age—it is, notwithstanding, certain to me, that the day of such conventional rhyme is ended. In America, at any rate, and as a medium of highest æsthetic, practical or spiritual expression, present or future, it palpably fails, and must fail, to serve. The Muse of the Prairies, of California, Canada, Texas, and of the peaks of Colorado, dismissing the literary, as well as social etiquette of over-sea feudalism and caste, joyfully enlarging, adapting itself to comprehend the size of the whole people, with the free play, emotions, pride, passions, experiences, that belong to them, body and soul—to the general globe, and all its relations to astronomy, as the savans portray them to us—to the modern the busy Nineteenth Century (as grandly poetic as any, only different), with steamships, rail-

* These papers on American Ideals of Poetry contain the substance of the preface of a volume of Mr. Eastman's poems, entitled Colors of Life, to be published this fall by Alfred A. Knopf.

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roads, factories, electric telegraphs, cylinder presses—to the thought of the solidarity of nations, the brotherhood and sisterhood of the entire earth—to the dignity and heroism of the practical labor of farms, factories, foundries, workshops, mines, or on shipboard, or on lakes and rivers—resumes that other medium of expression, more flexible, more eligible—soars to the freer, vast, diviner heaven of prose.

It may surprise some people to see this heroic and monumental challenge to the poets of the future confronted with the pathetic memory of Edgar Allan Poe. And yet it is natural to place these two poets in contrast, and the weight neither of genius nor of influence is altogether upon one side. They are the two American poets of unique distinction, and they are the fountains of the two strongest influences in all modern poetry of the occident. And it is worth observing that if Walt Whitman had written as few pages of poetry as Poe did, his name would hardly be remembered, whereas Poe would have established a literary tradition if he had written but five sorrowful lyrics. His individuality was so poignant. His art was so exquisite. And not only was his art exquisite, but his philosophy of his art was as unique, assertive, and prodigious in contempt for his predecessors, as that of Walt Whitman. I have never read anything about any art more sheer and startling in its kind than Poe's essay on The Philosophy of Composition; and nothing more energetically opposite to Walt Whitman could possibly be devised. To convey the flavor of the contrast, I quote these sentences—inadequate for any other purpose—from Poe's essay:

> Most writers—poets in especial—prefer having it understood that they compose by a species of fine frenzy—an ecstatic intuition; and would positively shudder at letting the public take a peep behind the scenes at the elaborate and vacillating crudities of thought, at the true purposes seized only at the last moment, at the innumerable glimpses of idea that arrived not at the maturity of full view, at the fully matured fancies discarded in despair as unmanageable, at the cautious selections and rejections, at the painful erasures and interpolations—in a word, at the wheels and pinions, the tackle for scene-shifting, the step-ladders and demon-traps, the cock's feathers, the red paint and the black patches. . .
>
> For my part, I have neither sympathy with the repugnance alluded to, nor at any time the least difficulty in recalling to mind the progressive steps of any of my compositions; and, since the interest of an analysis, or reconstruction, such as I have considered a desideratum, is quite independent of any real or fancied interest in the thing analyzed, it will not be regarded as a breach of decorum on my part to show the modus operandi by which some one of my own works was put together. I select The Raven as most generally known. . .
>
> Let us dismiss, as irrelevant to the poem per se, the circumstance—or say the necessity—which in the first place gave rise to the intention of composing *a* poem that should suit at once the popular and the critical taste.
>
> We commence, then, with this intention.
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> The initial consideration was that of extent. If any literary work is too long to be read at one sitting, we must be content to dispense with the immensely important effect derivable from unity of impressions; for, if two sittings be required, the affairs of the world interfere, and everything like totality is at once destroyed. . .
>
> Holding in view these considerations, as well as that degree of excitement which I deemed not above the popular while not below the critical taste, I reached at once what I conceived the proper *length* for my intended poem—a length of about one hundred lines. It is, in fact, a hundred and eight.
>
> My next thought concerned the choice of an impression, or effect, to be conveyed: and here I may as well observe that, throughout the construction, I kept steadily in view the design of rendering the work *universally* appreciable. I should be carried too far out of my immediate topic were I to demonstrate a point upon which I have repeatedly insisted, and which with the poetical stands not in the slightest need of demonstration—the point, I mean that Beauty is the sole legitimate province of the poem. . .
>
> But in subjects so handled, however skilfully, or with however vivid an array of incident, there is always a certain hardness or nakedness, which repels the artistical eye. Two things are invariably required: first, some amount of complexity, or more properly, adaptation; and, second, some amount of suggestiveness, some under-current, however indefinite, of meaning. It is this latter, in especial, which imparts to a work of art so much of that *richness* (to borrow from colloquy a forcible term) which we are too fond of confounding with *the ideal.*

The opposition of these two characters and attitudes is complete. Upon the one side a vast preoccupation with human meaning and morals, with health and the common reality and love and democracy, a grand contempt for beauty and for the effort to attract or gratify a reader with "verbal melody," a contempt for everything that savors of deliberate technique in art. Upon the other side also contempt—contempt like a piece of cold analytical steel for every pretence that the technique of art is not deliberate, that poets are not seeking to attract and gratify, that truth or moral or meaning instead of beauty is the portent of a poem—a disposition to seek beauty in unique and even unhealthy places, a lonely aristocratic heart of pain, and a preoccupation with "verbal melody" never before or since equalled in poetry. The details of this difference are fascinating, but the generalization of it is what will illumine the modern problems about poetry. To Edgar Allan Poe a poem was an objective thing; to Walt Whitman poetry was an act of subjective expression. Poe would take sounds and melodies of words almost actually into his hands, and carve and model them until he had formed a beautiful vessel, and he would take emotions and imaginations out of his

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heart and weave and inlay them in that vessel, and even the crimson out of his blood, and finally for "enrichment" he would seek out in his mind the hue of some meaning or moral to pour over it until it was perfect. And these beautiful vessels he would set forth for view and purchase, standing aside from them like a creative trader, proud but no more identified with them than as though he had made them out of the colors of shells. To Walt Whitman a poem was not a thing. His poetry was himself. His meanings, emotions, experiences, love and wonder of life, filled him and he overflowed in language—without "art," without purpose but to communicate his being. So he maintained. His poem was never an object to him, even after it had flowed full and he sought to perfect its contours. His emendations were not often objective improvements; they were private remodellings to make the language a more direct and fluent identity with what he considered himself. This was the task upon which he labored as the poet of democracy and social love.

Now, it is not merely an accident, or a reflection upon American or upon human nature, that Walt Whitman, with all his yearnings over the average American and his offering of priesthood and poetry to the people, should remain the poet of a rather esoteric few, whereas Poe—even with the handful of poems he wrote—may be said to be acceptable to the generality of men. The Raven, or Helen, or Annabelle Lee, or some sad musical echo of the death of beauty, might be found in illuminated covers on the most "average" of American parlor tables, but never anything there of Walt Whitman—unless it be Captain, My Captain! the one rather weak metrical poem he deigned in maturity to write. And there is something deeply and really pathetic in this fact, and something which only an adequate science of verse can explain. For the emotions and the meanings of Walt Whitman's poetry *are* the emotions and meanings that interest simple and thoughtful people who have leisure to feel. His realizations of life would be acceptable and be honored, as much at least as great art is ever honored, by the "divine average," if they were conveyed as Poe's were in vessels of light which would make them objective and from which they might brim over with excess of subjective meaning and emotion.

I do not mean to express a wish that Walt Whitman had done this, or the opinion that he could have been a more monumental poetic and moral hero of nature by writing otherwise than he did. His propulsive determination to put forth in this facile nineteenth century culture, sweet with the decay and light, with the remnant fineries of feudal grandeur, the original, vast, organic substance of man, was a phenomenon like the rising of a volcanic continent amid ships on the sea. No word but the words in his book can portray the magnitude of his achievement; no critic but Envy could judge it except as itself and by its own standard. But as a prophetic example of the poems of the future, and especially the poems of democracy and social love, it suffers a weakness—the weakness that Walt Whitman's character suffered. It is egocentric and a little inconsiderate of the importance of other people. Walt Whitman composed wonderful passages about universal social love, but he could not be the universal poet exactly because he was not social enough. He was not humble enough to be social. The rebel egoism of democracy was in him the lordly and compelling thing, and though his love for the world was prodigious, it was not the kind of love that gives attention instinctively to the egoism of others.

There may be no grand passion for the idea, but there is a natural companionship with the fact of "democracy" in Poe's statement that he "kept steadily in view the design of rendering the work universally appreciable," and that statement more characteristically distinguishes his attitude from Walt Whitman's than the different ways they had of talking about beauty. All poets who mould their poems objectively, even though they may conceive themselves to be utterly alone with beauty, are really in social communion with humanity. For that is what the word *objective* means. An object, or as we say a "thing," differs from other elements of our experience only in that it can be experienced in the same form at different times and by different persons. And for an object to be beautiful is for it to hold value in itself, so that various perceivers may come from all sides and find it there. Therefore one who moulds an object towards external perfection, however sad his solitude, enters directly into the "universal friendship" toward which Walt Whitman directed so much of the longing of his words. One who pours out phrases direct from his emotion may experience a relief and glory that implies listeners, and he may win listeners, but they will each rebuild out of his phrases their own different poem, and they will comprise in their number only those endowed with the special power to build poems out of phrases poured out. And whatever we may wish were true of the world, it is not true that the majority are so endowed. Therefore the poetry that is highly subjective is almost inevitably the poetry of a few; and the "direct expression of emotion" achieves a less clear and general social communion than the embodiment of emotion in an object of art.

MAX EASTMAN.

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# The Opium Trade Revived

THE opium war in China is an old story. Enterprising British merchants introduced Bengal opium, the habit of smoking grew, the Manchus became alarmed and seized and destroyed many chests, two brief wars followed, and China, under the guns of British warships, was compelled in the sacred name of free trade to allow her people to be drugged. The Chinese retorted by growing opium themselves. The fields gleamed with the brilliant white poppies, production increased, and in some provinces opium became so cheap that the lowest coolies could lie on the mat beside the tiny lamp. By 1907 some twenty-five million Chinese—the figure is only an estimate—had become opium addicts.

Then comes the great opium prohibition. For decades Chinese statesmen and Christian missionaries in China had striven to rouse the people of the world and especially of Great Britain to the tragedy of China's situation. Finally they succeeded, and in 1907 an agreement was reached between England and China by which the importation of Indian opium was to be reduced ten per cent per year and to end on March 31, 1917, provided that the Chinese production of opium was curtailed in the same ratio. Both the British and the Chinese lived up to this agreement, but the cost of enforcement in China was enormously high. Tens of thousands of little farmers were ruined, breakers of the law were bastinadoed or even beheaded, millions went through the agony of deprivation from the drug and suicides were innumerable. Finally after a ten years' struggle the smoking of opium in China was under control.

Today the opium trade is about to be revived. The Chinese government has entered into a contract with the Opium Combine to purchase all remaining chests of Indian opium in China, and has further agreed to turn over the drug to a Chinese opium syndicate, consisting of Peking officials and Cantonese opium merchants, who are to be permitted to sell the drug at retail in the provinces of Kiangsu and Kiangsi. In certain other provinces the government has relaxed the law, and opium is smuggled in, sold and smoked. It is stated that near the Mongol border soldiers have received part of their pay in opium. The military governor of Shensi has instructed the people that opium growing will be necessary to defray the increasing military expenditures. Unless pressure is brought to bear a complete resumption of the trade is inevitable.

The reaction began towards the end of 1916, when the Opium Combine, which had grown wealthy through its exploitation of this Chinese vice, urged upon the government of China that the period during which opium might be sold be extended from March 31st to December 31st, 1917. The Combine pleaded that it held large stocks of unsold opium and would lose money by the enforcement of the law. What other arguments it used with General Feng-Kua-Chang have not been revealed, but he proved amenable and an agreement was reached. Because of what passed at these secret conferences, the general—later the Vice-President of China—was willing to consign thousands—or, as it may prove to be, millions—of his fellow-citizens to a new subjection to the drug.

As soon as this agreement became known, the whole nation protested and the contract was denounced by Premier Tuan and the Chinese Parliament, as well as by the native press. A small part of this indignation was perhaps due to the invidious fact that the arguments which had convinced General Feng had not been equally presented to other officials competent in such affairs. In the end the agreement was ordered to be cancelled, though the papers were merely pigeon-holed, not destroyed.

The Opium Combine then urged that it be permitted to go into the legitimate medicine business and sell the opium as an anti-opium remedy. In making this request, it claimed that it had the support of the British Legation at Peking, which was not true, and it threatened international complications if an amicable arrangement were not reached. What followed is not clear, but a certain portion of the opium was actually disposed of at high prices. The remainder, under an agreement of June 11th, 1918, is now to be taken over voluntarily by the Chinese government, sold to a Chinese syndicate, and retailed to the people. When we recall that from 1773 to 1906 the profits on Bengal opium imported into China and eastern Asia were over two billion dollars, it is evident that the new venture is not likely to be unremunerative.

It would be unfair to these financiers and politicians and to their powerful abettors and advisers in the background to assume that they did not know what they were doing. They know most excellently. They have heard of the world war in Shanghai and Peking, as they have heard of it in Tokio and London, and they are fully aware that peoples cannot be deeply stirred by two emotions at one time. The war engrosses us; it canalizes our aspirations, it stirs our consciences and sears them, narcotizes them—and this being the fact the deal can be carried out with mathematical precision, the danger of immediate foreign interference being represented as zero. There is nothing we can do and *they* know we can do nothing. Five years ago such a betrayal of the Chinese people would have deeply stirred the western world and especially America and Great Britain, but today we shrug our

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shoulders and philosophically remark that China is returning to her vomit. Just as we paid no attention to the recent flooding of northern China with morphine, so we shall not now protest overmuch. We shall be as indifferent as was the world in 1840 when opium was first thrust down China's throat.

This seems on the whole to be the attitude which Great Britain, the most nearly interested nation, is likely to assume. The British government scrupulously lived up to its obligations entered into in 1907, and in the recent negotiations between the Opium Combine and the Chinese officials it took no part. To the average Chinese, however, who is not acquainted with the limitations of permitted international action, certain past omissions of the British Legation at Peking, while doubtless proper, appear like tacit approval of the proceedings. The Chinese believe that the British government washes its hands of the matter: that it does not exercise the right, which the Chinese believe that it possesses, to forbid the British subjects united in the Combine and enjoying the protection of the British government and living under its jurisdiction to enter into arrangements which in effect nullify the agreement of 1907. If Great Britain has no concern with the sale of opium by British subjects in China, but only with the exportation of opium from India to China —then the situation is admittedly hopeless. Given such an interpretation of British liability, nothing but a flush of virtue on the part of Chinese officials or a sudden distaste on their part for "squeeze" can prevent the Combine from selling immense quantities of Persian and Turkish opium, or of importing opium from any country in the world except India. If British subjects living in China under British jurisdiction can sell opium freely by connivance with Chinese officials, traffic soon will be widespread throughout the republic.

It will be difficult to prevent this new exploitation of China, for the world is otherwise engrossed and the powerful groups that are to profit by the reintroduction of opium have the field to themselves. The Chinese people may protest but it will be too late. Even if the present agreement between the Chinese government and the Opium Combine were to be rescinded, the agitation would not cease, since the opium speculators will not rest a moment so long as a single chest remains in bond.

Where everything else fails desperate remedies may be suggested. There is one possible action that might be taken by the American government. It would cost us some ten million dollars, but though it might be worth to us and China many times more, it might be worth nothing. We might on condition that China hereafter cease growing opium, ourselves buy the foreign stocks now in bond in China and promptly and publicly destroy them. The action would be generous, perhaps even quixotic—but towards China we have been generous and quixotic in the past and our policy has been justified by results. Such an action on our part would at least have the effect of destroying the existing supply and might give time for the firm organization of a popular Chinese sentiment against any return to opium growing. Or it might fail with the result that we lost our money. In any case we ourselves should feel that we had done all that we could and we should have given China an unmistakable sign of our friendliness and sympathy.

W. E. W.

# The Education of Joan and Peter

## XI

## Peter Flies to Headquarters

### I

PETER had no memory of coming to again from his faint. For a long time he must have continued to be purely automatic. Then for a time consciousness resumed, as abruptly as the thread of a story one finds upon the torn page of a novel.

He found himself in the midst of a friendly group of pale blue uniforms; he was standing up and being very lively in spite of the strong taste of blood in his mouth and a feeling that the left upper half of his body had been changed into a lump of raw and bleeding meat. He was talking a sort of French. "C'est sacré bon stuff, cet eau-de-vie Française," he was saying gaily and rather loudly.

"Haf some more," said a friendly voice.

"Not half, old chap," said Peter, and felt at the time that this was not really good French.

He tried to slap the man on the shoulder, but he couldn't.

"Bon!" he said, "as we say in England," and felt that that remark also failed.

Someone protested softly against his being given more brandy. . .

Then this clear fragment ended again. There was a kind of dream of rather rough but efficient surgery upon a shoulder and arm that was quite probably his own, and some genially amiable conversation. There was a very nice Frenchman with a black beard and soft eyes, who wore a long white overall, and seemed to be looking after him as tenderly as a woman could do.

But with these things mingled the matter of delirium. At one time the Kaiser prevailed in Peter's mind, a large foolish, pompous person with waxed moustaches and distraught eyes, who crawled up to Peter over immense piles of white and gray and green rotting corpses, and began gnawing at his shoulder almost absent-mindedly. Peter

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struggled and protested. What business had this beastly German to come interfering with Peter's life? He started a vast argument about that, in which all sorts of people, including the nice-looking Frenchman in the white overall, took part.

Peter was now making a formal complaint about the conduct of the universe. "No," he insisted time after time, "I will not deal with subordinates. I insist on seeing the Head," and so at last he found himself in the presence of the Lord God. But Peter's vision of the Lord God was the most delirious thing of all. He imagined him in an office, in a little office in a vast building, and so out of the way that people had to ask each other which was the passage and which the staircase. Old men stood and argued at corners with Peter's girl guide whether it was this way or that. People were being shown over the building by girl guides; it was very like the London War Office only more so; there were great numbers of visitors and they all seemed to be in considerable hurry and distress, and most of them were looking for the Lord God to lodge a complaint and demand an explanation, just as Peter was. For a time all the visitors became wounded men, and nurses mixed up with the girl guides, and Peter was being carried through fresh air to an ambulance train. His shoulder and wrist were very painful and singing, as it were, a throbbing duet together.

For a time Peter did seem to see the Lord God; he was in his office, a little brown, rather tired-looking man in a képi, and Peter was on a stretcher, and the Lord God or someone near him was saying, "Quel numéro?" But that passed away, and Peter was again conducting his exploration of the corridors.

Then it seemed to Peter's fevered brain that he was sitting and had been sitting for a long time in the little office of the Lord God of Heaven and Earth. And the Lord God had the likeness of a lean, tired, intelligent-looking oldish man, with an air of futile friendliness masking a fundamental indifference.

"My dear sir," the Lord God was saying, "do please put that cushion behind your poor shoulder. I can't bear to see you so uncomfortable. And tell me everything. Everything. . ."

The office was the dingiest and untidiest little office it was possible to imagine. The desk at which God sat was in a terrible litter. On a side table were some grubby test tubes and bottles at which the Lord God had apparently been trying over a new element. The windows had not been cleaned for ages, they were dark with spider's webs, they crawled with a buzzing nightmare of horrible and unmeaning life. It was a most unbusinesslike office. There were no proper files, no card indices; bundles of dusty papers were thrust into open fixtures, papers littered the floors, and there were brass-handled drawers. . . Peter looked again, and blood was oozing from those drawers and little cries came out of them. He glanced quickly at God, and God was looking at him. "But did you really make this world?" he asked.

"I *thought* I did," said God.

"But why did you do it? *Why?*"

"Ah, *there* you have me!" said the Lord God with bonhomie.

"But why don't you exert yourself?" said Peter hammering at the desk with his sound hand. "Why don't you exert yourself?"

Could delirium have ever invented a more monstrous conception than this of Peter hammering on an untidy desk amidst old pen nibs, bits of sealing-wax, half sheets of notepaper, returns of nature's waste, sample bones of projected animals, mineral samples, dirty little test tubes, and the like, and lecturing the Almighty upon the dreadful confusion into which the world had fallen? "Here was I, Sir, and millions like me, with a clear promise of life and freedom! And what are we now? Bruises, red bones, dead bodies! This German Kaiser fellow—an ass, Sir, a perfect ass, gnawing a great hole in my shoulder! He and his son, stuffing themselves with a Blut-Wurst made out of all our lives and happiness! What does it mean, Sir? Has it gone entirely out of your control? And it isn't as if the whole thing was ridiculous, Sir. It isn't. In some ways it's an extraordinarily fine world—one has to admit that. That is why it is all so distressing, so unendurably distressing. I don't in the least want to leave it."

"You admit that it's fine—in places," said the Lord God, as if he valued the admission.

"But the management, Sir! the management! *Yours*—ultimately. Don't you realize, Sir—? I had the greatest trouble in finding you. Half the messengers don't know where this den of yours is. It's *forgotten*. Practically forgotten. The Head Office! And now I'm here I can tell you everything is going to rack and ruin, driving straight to an absolute and final smash and break-up."

"As bad as that?" said the Lord God.

"It's the appalling waste," Peter continued. "The waste of material, the waste of *us*, the waste of everything. A sort of splendor in it, there is, touches of real genius about it, that I would be the last to deny, but that only increases the bitterness of the disorder. It's a good enough world to lament. It's a good enough life to resent having to lose it. There's some lovely things in it, Sir; courage, endurance, and oh! *many* beautiful things. But when one gets here, when one begins to ask for you and hunt about for you, and finds *this*, this muddle, Sir, then one begins to understand. *Look* at this room, consider it—as a general manager's room. No decency. No order. Everywhere the dust of ages, muck indescribable, bacteria! and *that!*"

*That* was a cobweb across the grimy window pane, in which a freshly entangled bluebottle fly was buzzing fussily. "That ought not to be here at all," said Peter. "It really ought not to exist at all. Why does it? *Look* at that beastly spider in the corner! Why do you suffer all these cruel and unclean things?"

"You don't like it?" said the Lord God, without any sign either of apology or explanation.

"No," said Peter.

"Then *change* it," said the Lord God, nodding his head as who should say "*got* you there."

"But how are we to change it?"

"If you have no will to change it, you have no right to criticize it," said the Lord God, leaning back with the weariness of one who has had to argue with each generation from Job onward, precisely the same objections and precisely the same arguments.

"After all," said the Lord God, giving Peter no time to speak further; "after all, you are three-and-twenty, Mr. Peter Stubland, and you've been pretty busy complaining of me and everything between me and you, your masters, pastors, teachers, and so forth, for the last half-dozen years. Meanwhile, is your own record good? Positive achievements, forgive me, are still to seek. You've been nearly drunk several times, you've soiled yourself with a lot of very cheap and greedy love-making—I gave you something beautiful there, anyhow, and you knew that while you spoilt it—you've been a vigorous member of the consuming class, and really, you've got nothing clear and planned,

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nothing at all. You complain of my lack of order; where's the order in your own mind? If I was the hot tempered old autocrat some of you people pretend I am, I should have been tickling you up with a thunderbolt long ago. But I happen to have this democratic fad as badly as anyone—Free Will is what they used to call it—and so I leave you to work out your own salvation. And if I leave you alone then I have to leave that other—that other gentleman at Potsdam—alone. He tries me, I admit, almost to the miracle pitch at times with the tone of his everlasting prepaid telegrams—but one has to be fair. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the Kaiser. I've got to leave you all alone if I leave one alone. Don't you see that? In spite of the mess you are in. So don't blame me. Don't blame me. There isn't a thing in the whole of this concern of mine that Man can't control if only he chooses to control it. It's arranged like that. There's a lot more system here than you suspect, only it's too ingenious for you to see. It's yours to command. If you want a card index for the world—well, get a card index. I won't prevent you. If you don't like my spiders, kill my spiders. I'm not conceited about them. If you don't like the Kaiser, hang him, assassinate him. Why don't you abolish Kings? You could. But it was your sort, with your cheap and quick efficiency schemes, who set up Saul—in spite of my protests—ages ago. . . . Humanity either makes or breeds or tolerates all its own afflictions, great and small. Not me. Take Kings and courts. Take dungheaps and flies. It's astonishing you people haven't killed off all the flies in the world long ago. They do no end of mischief, and it would be perfectly easy to do. They're purely educational. Purely. Even as you lie in hospital there they are buzzing within an inch of your nose and landing on your poor forehead to remind you of what a properly organized humanity could do for its own comfort. But there's men in this world who want me to act as a fly-paper, simply because they are too lazy to get one for themselves. My dear Mr. Peter, when you ask me to exert myself the answer is, why don't *you* exert yourself? If people haven't taught you properly, teach yourself. If they don't know enough, find out. It's all here. All here." He made a comprehensive gesture. "I'm not mocking you."

"You're not mocking me?" said Peter keenly. . . .

"It depends upon you," said the Lord God with an enigmatical smile. "You asked me why I didn't exert myself. Well—why don't *you* exert yourself?"

"Why don't *you* exert yourself?" the Lord God repeated almost rudely.

"That pillow under your shoulder still isn't comfortable," said the Lord God, breaking off. . . .

The buzzing of the entangled fly changed to the drone of a passing aeroplane, and the dingy office expanded into a hospital ward. Some one was adjusting Peter's pillows. . . .

When he dreamt himself back into God's office again, God had apparently gone out to lunch. There was the same dust and litter, and on the desk was some newly opened correspondence, including drawings of the most remarkable aeroplanes and airships, dated 1930, 1935, and so on, and small packets of samples of a new hunger disease. . . .

But it would seem that the Lord God had said all that he meant to say to Peter.

2

Peter was no good as a pilot any more, his right wrist was doomed to be stiff and weak henceforth and there were queer little limitations upon the swing of his arm, but the powers discovered other uses for him. For one particular job, indeed, he was just the man they needed. They docked him a wing—it seemed in mockery of the state of his arm—and replaced the two wings that had adorned him by one attached to the letter O, and presently he was added to the number of that select company attached to sausage-shaped observation balloons who were sent up in the mornings and pulled down at nights along the British front.

He would sit up in his basket, like a spectator in a box at a theater, with the slow vast drama of the western front spread out like a map beneath his eyes, with half Belgium and a great circle of France in sight, the brown ruined country of the contact, apparently lifeless, with its insane tangle of trenches and communicating ways below, with the crumbling heaps of ruined towns and villages scattered among canals and lakes of flood water and passing insensibly into a green and normal-looking landscape to the west and east, where churches still had towers and houses roofs, and woods were lumps and blocks of dark green, fields manifestly cultivated patches, and roads white ribbons barred by the purple poplar shadows.

He sat on a canvas seat inside the square basket with his instruments about him, or leant over the side scrutinizing the details of the eastward landscape. Upon his head over his ears he wore a telephone receiver, and about his body was a rope harness that linked him by a rope to the silk parachute that was packed neatly in a little swinging bucket over the side of his basket. Under his hand was his map board, repeating the shapes of wood and water and road below. The telephone wire that ran down his mooring rope abolished any effect of isolation; it linked him directly to his winch on a lorry below, to a number of battery commanders, to an ascending series of headquarters up to divisional headquarters; he could always start a conversation if he had anything practical to say. He was, in fact, an eye at the end of a tentacle thread by means of which the British army watched its enemies. Sometimes he had an illusion that he was also a kind of brain. When distant visibility was good he would find himself hovering over the war as a player hangs over a chess-board, directing fire upon road movements or train movements, suspecting and watching for undisclosed enemy batteries or directing counter-battery fire. Above him, green and voluminous, hung the great translucent lobes of his gas bag, and the loose ropes by which it was towed and held upon the ground swayed and trailed about his basket.

It was on one of his more slack afternoons that Peter fell thinking of how acutely he now desired to live. The wide world was full of sunshine, but a ground haze made even the country immediately below him indistinct. The enemy gunners were inactive, there came no elfin voices through the telephone, only far away to the south guns butted and shivered the tranquil air. There was a faint drift in the air rather than a breeze, and the gas bag had fallen into a long, lazy, rhythmic movement, so that sometimes he faced due south and sometimes south by east and so back. A great patch of flooded country to the northeast, a bright mirror with a kind of bloom upon it, seemed trying with an aimless persistency to work its way towards the centre of his field of vision and never succeeding.

For a time Peter had been preoccupied with a distant ridge far away to the east from which a long range gun had recently taken to shelling the kite balloons towards evening as they became clear against the bright western sky. Four times lately this new gun had got on to him, and this clear and tranquil afternoon promised just the luminous and tranquil sunset that favored these unpleasant activities. It was five hours to sunset yet, but Peter could not keep his

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mind off that gun. It was a big gun; perhaps a 42-centimetre; it was far beyond any counter-battery possibility, and it had got a new kind of shell that the Germans seemed to have invented for the particular discomfort of Peter and his kind. It had a distinctive report, a loud *crack,* and then the hugh "*chuff*" of high explosive, and at every explosion it got nearer and nearer to its target with a quite uncanny certainty. It seemed to learn more than any gun should learn from each shot. It was this steadfast approach to a hit that Peter disliked. That and the long pause after the shell had started. Far away he would see the flash of the gun amidst the ridges in the darkling east. Then would come a long blank pause of expectation. For all he could tell this might get him. Then the whine of the shell would become audible, growing louder and louder and lower and lower in note; Phee-whoo! *Crack! WHOOF!* Then Peter would get quite voluble to the men at the winch below. He could let himself up, or go down a few hundred feet, or they could shift his lorry along the road. Until it was dark he could not come down, for a kite balloon is a terribly visible and helpless thing on the ground until it has been very carefully put to bed. To come down in the daylight meant too good a chance for the nearer German guns. So Peter, by instructing his winch to lower him or let him up or shift, had to dodge about in a most undignified way, up and down and backwards and sideways, while the big gun marked him and guessed at his next position. Flash! "Oh, damn!" said Peter. "Another already!"

Silence. Anticipations. Then Phee-eee-*eee*-WHOO. Crack! WHOOF! A rush of air would set the gas bag swinging. That was a near one!

"Where *am* I?" said Peter. . . .

But that wasn't going to happen for hours yet. Why meet trouble half way? Why be tormented by this feeling of apprehension and danger in the still air? Why trouble because the world was quiet and seemed to be waiting? Why not think of something else? Banish this war from the mind. . . . Was he more afraid nowadays than he used to be? Peter was inclined to think that now he was more *systematically* afraid. Formerly he had funked in streaks and patches, but now he had a steady, continuous dislike to all these risks and dangers. He was getting more and more clearly an idea of the sort of life he wanted to lead and of the things he wanted to do. He was ceasing to think of existence as a rather aimless series of adventures, and coming to regard it as one large consecutive undertaking. This being hung up in the sky for Germans to shoot at seemed to him to be a very tiresome irrelevance indeed. He and everyone else with brains—including the misguided people who had made and were now firing this big gun at him—ought to be setting to work to get this preposterous muddle of a world in order. "This sort of thing," said Peter, addressing the western front, his gas bag and so much of the sky as it permitted him to see, and the universe generally, "is ridiculous. There is no sense in it at all. None whatever."

His dream of God, as a detached and aloof personage, had taken a very strong hold upon his imagination. Or perhaps it would be truer to say that his fevered mind in the hospital had given a caricature personality to ideas that had grown up in his mind as a natural consequence of his scientific training. He had gone on with that argument; he went on with it now, with a feeling that really he was just as much sitting and talking in that queer, untidy, out-of-the-way office as swaying in a kite balloon, a couple of thousand feet above Flanders, waiting to be shot at.

"It is all very well to say 'exert yourself,'" said Peter. "But there is that chap over there exerting himself. And what he is doing with all his brains is just trying to wipe my brains out of existence. Just that. He hasn't an idea else of what he is doing. He has no notion of what he is up to or what I am up to. And he hasn't the sense or ability to come over here and talk about it to me. He's there—at that—and he can't help himself. And I'm here—and I can't help myself. But if I could only catch him within counter battery range—!"

"There's no sense in it at all," summarized Peter, after some moments of grim reflection. "Sense hasn't got into it."

"Is sense ever going to get into it?"

"The curious thing about you," said Peter, addressing himself quite directly to his Deity at the desk, "is that somehow, without ever positively promising it or saying anything plain and definite about it, you yet manage to convey in an almost irresistible manner that there *is* going to be sense in it. You seem to suggest that my poor brain up here and the brains of those chaps over there are, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, up to something jointly that is going to come together and make good some day. You hint it. And yet I don't get a scrap of sound, trustworthy reasoning to help me to accept that; not a scrap. Why should it be so? I ask. And you just keep on not saying anything. I suppose it's a necessary thing biologically that one should have a kind of optimism to keep one alive, so I'm not even justified in my half conviction that I'm not being absolutely fooled by life. . . . There you sit silent. You seem to say nothing and yet you soak me with a kind of answer, a sort of shapeless courage. . . ."

Peter's mind rested on that for a time, and then began again at another point.

"I wonder," said Peter, "if that chap gets me tonight, what I shall think—in the moment—after he has got me. . . ."

3

But the German gunner never got Peter because something else got him first.

He thought he saw a Hun aeroplane coming over very high indeed to the south of him, fifteen thousand feet up or more, a mere speck in the blue blaze, and then the gas bag hid it and he dismissed it from his mind. He was thinking that the air was growing clearer and that if this went on guns would wake up presently and little voices begin to talk to him, when he became aware of the presence and vibration of an aeroplane quite close to him. He pulled off his telephone receivers and heard the roar of an engine close at hand. It was overhead, and the gas bag still hid it. At the same moment the British anti-aircraft gunners began a belated fire. "Damn!" said Peter in a brisk perspiration, and hastened to make sure that his parachute rope was clear.

"Perhaps he's British," said Peter, with no real hope.

"*Pap, pap, pap!*" very loud overhead.

The gas bag swayed and billowed, and a wing with a black cross swept across the sky. "*Pap, pap, pap.*"

The gas bag wrinkled and crumpled more and more, and a little streak of smoke appeared beyond its edge. The German aeroplane was now visible, a hundred yards away and banking to come around. He had fired the balloon with tracer bullets.

The thing that Peter had to do and what he did was this: He had to step up on to a little wood step inside his basket, then he had to put first one foot and then the other on to another little step outside his basket. This little

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step was about four inches wide by nine long. Below it was emptiness, until one got to the little trees and houses below. As he swayed on the step Peter had to make sure that the rope attached to his body was clear of all entanglements. Then he had to step off that little shelf, which was now swinging and slanting with the lurching basket into the void, two thousand feet above the earth.

He had not to throw himself or dive headlong, because that might lead to entanglement with the rope. He had just to step off, holding his rope clear of himself with one hand. This rope looped back to the little swinging bucket in which his fine silk parachute was closely packed. He had seen it packed a week ago, and he wished now as he stood on his step holding to his basket with one hand, that he had watched the process more meticulously. He became aware that the Hun, having disposed of the balloon, was now shooting at him. He did not so much step off the little shelf as slip off it as it heeled over with the swing of the basket. For some seconds he was falling swiftly, feet foremost, through the air. He scarcely noted the faint snatch when the twine broke. The air whistled by him, but he thought that dreams and talk had much exaggerated the sensations of falling. He was too high as yet to feel the rush of the ground towards him.

He seemed to fall for an interminable time before anything more happened. He was assailed by doubts, whether the twine that kept the parachute in its bucket would break, whether it would open. His rope trailed out above him.

Still falling. Why didn't the parachute open? In another five seconds it would be too late.

The parachute was not opening. It was certainly not opening. Wrong packing? He tugged and jerked his rope and tried to shake and swing the long silken folds that were following his fall. Why? Why the devil—?

The rope seemed to tighten abruptly. The harness tightened upon his body. Peter had the sensation of being hauled up again into the sky. It was all right, so far. He was now swaying down earthward with a diminishing velocity beneath an open parachute. He was floating over a landscape instead of falling straight into it.

But the German had not done with Peter yet. He became visible beneath the edge of Peter's parachute, circling downward regardless of anti-aircraft and machine guns. *Pap, pap, pap, pap.* The bullets burst and banged about Peter.

Something kicked Peter's knee; something hit his neck, something rapped the knuckles of his wounded hand, the parachute winced and went sideways, slashed and pierced. Peter drifted down, helpless, his angry eyes upon his assailant, who vanished again, going out of sight as he rose up above the edge of the parachute.

A storm of pain and rage broke upon Peter.

"Done in!" shouted Peter. "Oh! my leg! my leg!"

"I'm shot to bits. I'm shot to bloody bits!"

The tree tops were near at hand. The parachute had acquired a rhythmic swing and was falling more rapidly.

"And I've still got to land," wailed Peter, beginning to cry like a child.

He wanted to stop just a moment, just for one *little* moment, before the ground rushed up to meet him. He didn't know what to do with this dangling leg. It became a monstrous, painful obstacle to landing. How was he to get a spring? He was bleeding. He was dying. It was cruel. Cruel.

Came the crash. Hot irons, it seemed, assailed his leg and his shoulder and neck. He crumpled up on the ground in an agony, and the parachute with slow and elegant gestures folded down on the top of his floundering figure. . . . The gunners who ran to help him, found him, enveloped in silk, bawling and weeping like a child of four in a passion of rage and fear, and trying repeatedly to stand up upon a blood-streaked leg that gave way as repeatedly. "Damn!" cursed Peter in a stifled voice, plunging about like a kitten in a sack. "Damn you all! I tell you I *will* use my leg. I *will* have my leg. If I bleed to death. Oh! oh! . . . You fool—you lying old *humbug!* You!"

And then he gave a leap upward and forward, and fainted and fell, still with his head and body muffled in the silk folds of his parachute.

H. G. Wells.

# *A COMMUNICATION*

## In Reply to Mr. Brailsford

Sir: It is with genuine regret that I feel bound to register disagreement with a contributor of your review whom I respect and admire as one of the ablest and best-equipped spokesmen of liberalism in the Allied countries. Nobody is readier than I to recognize the splendid services rendered by Mr. H. N. Brailsford to the cause of the League of Nations, of internationally organized democracy. I am afraid, however, that his attitude toward the question of dismembering the present Austro-Hungarian empire reveals at once an unjustified degree of optimism regarding its present rulers, and an undue amount of apprehension as to the possibility and desirability of a thoroughgoing settlement.

On the whole, I think, I can subscribe to your answer to Mr. Brailsford's article. I believe, especially, that you hit the nail on the head when you say that the real danger of the dismemberment solution is the likelihood of an abuse of the necessary military victory in other areas.

To underestimate the difficulties of the dismemberment solution would be a fatal error, no doubt. On the other hand, I am afraid that Mr. Brailsford rather undervalues the difficulties of the federalistic solution.

I fully agree with Mr. Brailsford that "acquiescence" is the best safeguard and truest test of any peace settlement. It is clear, however, that, especially in such a desperately entangled case as that of Austria-Hungary, to attain unanimous acquiescence would be about as easy as to attain absolute justice. The best that can be expected is the acquiescence of the majority.

Applying this test, does Mr. Brailsford believe that the majority of the peoples in Austria and Hungary will acquiesce in a solution which will have to be based mainly on the promise of their rulers to be good and establish federalism "within measurable time"? It is more than likely that the overwhelming majority of the Slav population will not. And it is highly probable that the Austrian Germans, when driven to a choice between a federalism in which there is a chance, however slight, of Slav hegemony, and a transfer of the purely German "Kronländer" to the German empire, will prefer the latter alternative.

On the other hand, does Mr. Brailsford believe that the present rulers of Austria, meaning not only the dynasty, but the Austrian and Magyar governing class as well, will acquiesce in a solution which, in terms however polite,

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will in essence *dictate* to them the basis upon which they are supposed to run the empire? If there are to be guaranties that the pledge will be redeemed, the rulers will feel humiliated. If there are to be none, the ruled will feel uneasy. There will be trouble in either case.

And what if the federal scheme breaks down "within a measurable time"? Or if it won't come off at all? What does Mr. Brailsford propose to do then? Start another war? Or exclude Austria-Hungary from the League of Nations? But this presupposes that the junkers to whom the "federal" solution will grant another lease of life actually wish to belong to a League of Nations. What reasons are there to assume that Tisza or Hussarek or Mr. Moritz Benedikt are more enthusiastic for a league of nations than, say, Clemenceau or Poincaré or Lord Northcliffe? Is there, rather, not every reason to believe that the Austrian and Magyar junker mind, which will never cease to look upon federalism as a humiliation imposed from without, will look for an opportunity, not only for throwing federalism overboard, but also for disrupting the League of Nations and for trying their chance again with the aid of their Prussian allies?

Indeed, herein lies the greatest danger of the federalist solution: that whereas it cannot be achieved except under the aegis of a League of Nations, it will include in this body a powerful member-state whose rulers will be tempted to employ every means for destroying the whole arrangement.

But let us first consider the ways in which federalism, if at all, can be achieved.

Recent utterances of leading Austro-German statesmen and the general tone of the Austro-German press, as reported by the highly credible columns of the New Europe will support my assertion that whatever change is going on in the heart and mind of the Austrian ruling class is leading away from a federal settlement, instead of leading toward it.

As to the state of mind of the Magyar governing class, I have before me, beside the highly enlightening article on Electoral Reform in Hungary in the New Europe, No. 92, a number of clippings from leading Budapest newspapers, mostly reports of discussions in parliament. According to their testimony, jingo arrogance and chauvinistic zeal have reached the highest pitch. A mere mention of universal suffrage, not to speak of inter-racial readjustment, is denounced as "incendiarism" and "high treason" by the overwhelming majority of members.

It is safe to say, then, that a proposal of federalization would hardly be accepted by the Austrian and Magyar ruling class except under some sort of compulsion.

This compulsion cannot come through a revolution of the subject peoples. One of the few things that can be taken for granted in connection with Austria-Hungary is that a revolution there would not stop short of destroying the present system in its entirety. It is extremely likely that a political, nationalistic outbreak would be merely the prelude of a social cataclysm, as it was in Russia.

Barring voluntary acceptance and revolution, the only way in which Austro-Hungarian federalism could be achieved would be an Allied victory!

In short, the Allies would have to go on fighting indefinitely until German and Austro-Hungarian resistance were broken, and then to impose on a reluctant ruling class a settlement that would leave the greater part of the people dissatisfied.

Would it not, then, be easier and more practical, since a military victory is a prerequisite at any event, to "go the whole hog" and enact a settlement with the backing of the majority of the peoples most immediately concerned?

Here, however, two objections must be anticipated. First, that granting the necessity of a military victory, it will take less "crushing," and, therefore, less time, effort and universal suffering, to induce the Austro-Hungarian oligarchy to accept a federal settlement, than to remove them altogether. Second, that face to face with the inevitable, the junkers will be only too glad to make the most of a solution that leaves them political and economic influence proportionate to their wealth and prestige, a prestige, to be sure, not unimpaired, yet assured to them by the mere fact of their survival.

All right. Let us assume that under such conditions a system of federalism can be made workable. Is there anybody to believe that this will usher in the Austro-Hungarian millennium? Is it not much more likely that political and economic warfare will recommence with greater intensity and bitterness than ever?

Let us examine the balance of forces. Firstly, there will be the inevitable revanche party, the sheer militarists, imperialists and centralists of the old school. Then, the Pan-Germans. Then, again, the heirs of Austro-German and Magyar "liberals," that is, the adherents of Dualism. Then the Pan-Magyars, the chauvinists and inexorables. These groups will probably hate and detest each other heartily, as they have done in the past. But they will hate and detest federalism even more, and unite to fight it. As they will represent reaction all around, it is fairly certain that they will be reinforced not only by the Jewish financiers and captains of industry, but also by whatever reactionary, capitalistic and clerical elements there are among the Slav groups.

Opposed to this reactionary bloc will be the old separatist parties, Czecho-Slovaks, Jugo-Slavs, Rumanians, all fiercer and more intransigeant than ever. Then, perhaps, there will be a German radical group, and probably a "Little Hungary" party; then socialists of all shades and nationalities, and finally the bolsheviki.

And towering above the struggling factions will be a Germany, to be sure trimmed of the excrescences of her might, but essentially a vigorous and ambitious nation, with powerful influences making for resumed aggression and for intervention on behalf of Austro-Hungarian reaction as the first step! On the other hand, the separatist and radical elements in the federation will seek support from the old anti-German combination.

Nice prospects for the domestic happiness of the Austro-Hungarian confederacy, are they not?

True, the advocate of federalism may say. But, he may add, the same will be the grouping of party forces within the independent national units established as the alternative, aggravated by mutual jealousy and frictions and exasperated by inevitable minority grievances.

Doubtless. But there will be all-important difference.

In the case of the federal solution there is every reason to assume that the central executive power, the court, the

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army, the federal bureaucracy, with a personnel necessarily inherited, in the main, from the old régime, will throw in all their influence on the side of reaction, of restoration, of imperialism. The principle of "divide et impera" will reign stronger than ever. All the forces inimical to progress and to international organization will predominate.

On the other hand, in the independent national units the progressives will be in the ascendency. The factor of prestige will work on their side. The spirit of "divide et impera" will be put out of business. Radicals, instead of mutually distrusting each other in the nervousness of their balked aspirations, will be willing to cooperate against the common danger, reaction within and a revival of Prussianism without. There will be the immense difference between ins and outs, all in favor of the element that makes for federation and *that will depend for its very life on the League of Nations.* The disadvantages will be overwhelmingly on the side of Toryism.

Mr. Brailsford expresses misgivings as to the abandonment of many million Germans "to the rule of alien and bitterly hostile majorities." The fault may be mine, but I am unable to find them. A solution must and will be found for the German minorities in Bohemia, Silesia, Slovakia and Transylvania, parallelled by the irreducible Slav enclaves within the German empire. Most of the Germans in Hungary will be included in, or may be transferred to, the Magyar state, where they always fared better than the rest of the population, including the pure Magyar peasantry. As to the millions of Germans in the Austrian crown lands, the only solution for them seems to be incorporation in the German Empire. Indeed, herein may lie an element of compensation, material and sentimental, for the entire German people. For the Allies, as it has been pointed out many times, there is nothing to be feared from the transfer of a few million Austro-Germans, who, divided between socialism and clericalism, will tend to strengthen the potential anti-Prussian element within the Empire.

There remains what is probably the hardest nut to crack; the question of Magyar resistance to dismemberment. Judging from the present temper of the Magyar statesmen and press, this resistance will hold out to the bitter end. There can be no doubt that the Allied recognition of Czecho-Slovak claims has stiffened the fighting spirit of the Magyars and perhaps actually lengthened the conflict. This may be unfortunate, but cannot be altered now. There is, however, one consoling prospect—in fact, here is the great promise that enlists me, a Magyar socialist, on the side of dismemberment. When the disruption of dualism and the establishment of the Czecho-Slovak and Jugo-Slav states is an accomplished fact, together with the loss of non-Magyar territory, it is fairly certain that a tremendous reaction will take place in Magyar popular feeling. Patriots will ask: Who brought this disaster upon us? And socialists will furnish the answer. There will be a settlement of accounts, and somebody will have to pay the bill. That somebody will be Magyar junkerdom. Magyar hegemony will stand before the disillusioned people as a bluff and an incubus. And at last all the fake problems and issues will be swept aside, and the voice of ten million people will ask *the* Magyar question: who shall own the Magyar land? That day will seal the fate of feudalism in southeastern Europe.

To sum up: For the Allies to leave the solution of the Austro-Hungarian problem to the good faith of the present ruling class on the basis either of an enforced, or an unguaranteed federalism, would mean not to solve the issue, but to evade and postpone it. With the effort necessary to impose federalism on rulers and ruled, the former can be removed and the latter left to work out their own destinies—which is all they ask for.

Many strange things happen to a world war. One of them is that Mr. Brailsford, an Englishman, should defend Austro-Hungarian unity, and I, a Hungarian, should attack it. There can be but one explanation for this apparent anomaly: that in reality both Mr. Brailsford and I mean to attack the same thing: international anarchy, and to defend the same: a safe and sane Europe for us all.

New York City. EUGENE S. BAGGER.

# *CORRESPONDENCE*

## The Press and Industrial Mobilization

SIR: The economy movement has meant retrenchment in the consumption of dispensable commodities. To check this decline in sales the business man very naturally increases his advertising. And this increased advertising in turn appears as a veritable godsend to the newspapers and magazines whose costs of manufacturing, as well as news service, are tremendously increased under war conditions. As a result of the situation thus briefly sketched, we find that the press has not only welcomed advertisements opposed to government policy, but that it has until very recently strongly opposed in editorial columns the economy movement and staunchly supported the doctrine of "business as usual."

The gravity of the problem is revealed by the fact that one of the largest publishing companies in New England refused, in March, 1918, to print a quarter-page advertisement consisting solely of quotations from President Wilson, Treasurer McAdoo, and the Chairman of the War Savings Committee, which urged economizing as a matter of national importance, after having contracted to run such advertisement for four days and having already carried out one-half of its contract. On April 12th this publishing company settled with the inserter of the advertisement for a breach of contract by paying $500.00 damages. The circumstantial evidence of the case is that the advertisers of non-essentials controlled the policy of the publishing company and exercised its control to the extent of excluding from its advertising pages official statements on the necessity of economizing. It is not putting it too strongly to say that for the first year of the war the press of the United States stood almost unanimously opposed to the curtailment of non-essential production.

However much we may sympathize with the position of the press occasioned by its unfortunate dependence upon the advertising of luxuries, we must, nevertheless, set it down as one of the strongest obstacles to a rapid mobilization of our industries. A government-controlled press would have early centred upon the newspapers as one of the most effective agencies for the preaching of thrift. A democratic press, by the very nature of our institutions, can be coerced in the support of government requirements in opposition to its own pecuniary interests only after many months, if not years, of war experience.

H. G. MOULTON.

University of Chicago, Chicago, Illinois.

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## Tax Land—Untax Houses

SIR: I wish to accept a share—my share—of the disparagement and ironic criticism which the New Republic in a recent issue directs against those who take a conservative view of "the housing problem." I wish to speak for the few or the many, as the case may be, in whose eyes during peace time certainly "a house is a house," to whom most emphatically a house *is* "a commodity subject to the laws of supply and demand," who not so much fail as consciously refuse "to see the problem as a social one," who insist upon the overwhelming importance of "its economic aspect."

Lest I be misunderstood, I must stipulate I can support almost any policy which the government finds helpful in a crisis of war. I have here in mind the question of housing strictly in its peace-time relations.

The gist of the matter is that there is not, and never was, any such "housing problem" as the New Republic exhaustively strives to present. There is simply the familiar two-fold problem of land and taxes.

States and municipalities impose heavier and heavier taxes on the wicked offender who builds a house. Local governments, then, by their own action produce an artificial scarcity of house-room. Then the people, feeling the pinch, clamor for the federal government to intervene and save them from the effects of their own political stupidity. And the government may, in fact, give relief; and artificial relief is an economic narcotic.

But why does the popular clamor invoke the Federal government? One reason is amply sufficient to explain it: The federal government cannot be taxed. Set the individual house-builder free of the tax penalty (which might as well be a mild jail sentence for the effect it produces) and no one in time of peace need ever complain of a house shortage.

Of course, there must be an added tax upon land. The land tax expresses and brings home to the monopolist his duty to the public either to use his building lot or sell it or give it away. Upon whom does the prime obligation rest? Upon the government to *buy and build* or upon the vacant lot hoarder simply to build?

Tax land; untax houses. Then both land and houses will be cheaper and the worker will be able to secure what every heathen savage possesses, namely, a roof over his head.

MALCOLM C. BURKE.

War Prison Barracks,
Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia.

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# *POEMS*

### *Seedsman's Store*

Out of the stuffy shops
Where they show you dry-goods,
And patterns,
And make you feel inferior—
I walked into a seedsman's store,
Cool, quiet, drowsy,
Like a barn in summer with swallows darting about.
It smelt of hay and manure, and farmer's things.
I bought a watering pot, a trowel, and many little packages of seeds,
With bright colored flowers on them,
Like bright promises.
And I carried them home.
Happy in the sunset.

### *My House*

I built myself a house,
And then went and lived in it
While it still smelt of shavings.
It is a hot June morning.
Early, before the sun has had time to dry the dew in the woods,
I walk down the shaded road to my house.
Long before I see it, I hear hammering,
And then the clean, cheerful sound of a saw.
I see it now,
A shapeless object
With no plan apparently.
Just a lot of boards sticking up at different heights from the ground.
Barrels of things standing around,
A horse and wagon hitched to a tree,
Six men in overalls, working;
The smell of new wood, mingled with the smell of fresh-turned earth and trodden weeds;
The sun climbing up the hills,
Gleaming on the leaves, still wet from the night.
The workmen do not pay much attention to me,
They are busy with boards,
Making quick, sure marks on them with pencils,
And having jokes with one another.
They do not know how beautiful they look to me—
Each one of them wears a halo around his head like the saints in the old pictures.
I walk farther into the woods,
And find tall white spikes of cohosh pointing upward to the sun,
And a patch of wild geranium.
My heart is so full of joy over my house and the summer morning that I can hardly hold it down.

### *My Friends*

Do you like rain?
That comes in the night after you are in bed
And tumbles on the roof,
And sweeps the window pane?
Do you like the sun,
That comes in the morning after the rain has gone?
That is how I like my friends.

Do you like morning—
When birds wake up and sing,
And children walk to school with neat hair and clean faces?
Do you like evening
When everything is tired and goes home?
That is how I like my friends.

Do you like the stars—
Aldebaran, Altair, Orion,
The Pleiades, Arcturus—
Familiar, wonderful—
That is how I like my friends.

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## Morning

I love all soft, morning things—
The sleepy call of a bird,
Light through the bathroom window on pink soap and white towels,
The green of young wheat on the hillsides,
And our hearts wondering about the day.

## Kings

What is this talk of overthrowing kings?
Monstrous!
Have we not all smelt rain
On new ploughed earth?
Are we not all kings?

## Paints

I looked at my brown garden
And I said
"You are too sombre for the springtime,
I will get out my paints
And paint you all gay colors.
First I will splash on red and yellow tulips, under the long window-sill.
Then I will put poppies by the side porch
Where the sun will get them.
A bed of orange lilies somewhere;
Irises and larkspur for cool shady places under the trees;
Sunflowers coming up over the hill,
Then there will be hollyhocks."
I said,
Oh, my brown garden,
I will paint you so that you will flame and blaze with color
All through the long summer days
Until the fall,
When all colors die,
Like a fading sunset."
And it all came about just as I had said.

## Nature Study

I saw a bit of green pushing above the mould this morning,
And I knew it was my soul.
I cannot tell yet whether it is a fair woods lily,
Or a skunk cabbage.
I do not greatly care,
So long as I can watch it grow.

## The Crazy Pine Tree

I passed under a pine tree,
That tossed dark limbs about, and raved in the wind.
At once that crazy pine tree
Became a part of me.
It drinks my milk with me,
Speaks to my friends,
Plans my day,
Helps to make great decisions,
Helps to unmake them.
It will do this,
Long after I have lost the memory of it.
When, at death, my body lies down in the cool earth,
And my soul goes off a-wandering,
That crazy pine tree
Will lie down with my body in the earth,
And go wandering off with my soul.

## April Night

We are so cosey here in the lamplight,
And so comfortable.
You with your cigar,
And I with my knitting.
Now and then
We say pleasant, friendly things to each other.
Through the open window
Come the voices of people strolling by.
Good, peaceful folk like ourselves.
There is no hint of care to ruffle our serenity.
Only—
It's hardly the way to treat an April night.

## Windows

I don't like curtains much,
But I like windows.
Long windows, that show you a whole tree up and down;
Low, broad windows, with limbs of trees sweeping by;
Little high windows, where the moonlight sifts in and makes the room look ghostly and solemn—
Lots and lots of windows.

## Old Thoughts

Old thoughts,
What are you doing here in my soul?
My soul, that is made over new like the world in springtime.
You are useless and dead,
Like the last year's leaves that cling to the oak trees in March—
And you cling as tight as they.

## Weaving

While we sat and worked at our looms,
The Master came and spoke to each one,
To me he said,
"You have worked long and patiently with those dull threads I gave you.
You have made a decent border,
And good, quiet, even spaces.
But don't you see that it's only a background?
Take these colors,
Gold, purple, blue,
Orange, and red.
Now, child, make a brave design."
He passed on.
I looked down, dumb with joy,
At the rainbow thing in my lap.

## A Visit to Hagerstown

Sun beating down on black umbrellas,
Tired feet treading on.
Ladies in mourning who are very deeply attached to us,
Showing us the town.
Trees too green,
Grass too green,
Affection as close and thick as the heat of the day;
When affection wanes;
Polite interest.
Hours and hours of polite interest.
Then—oh, then, home!
A tanager flaming in the quiet woods,
And my long, cool room, with its books.

PHOEBE CROSBY ADLNUTT.

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# The Responsible State

*The Responsible State, by Franklin H. Giddings. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.00.*

FEW things could be more suggestive than the utterance of an experienced teacher in the midst of great events that bear directly upon the theme of his life-work. Professor Dewey, in a remarkable volume, showed us how the intellectual background of the war related itself to certain vital aspects of general philosophy. Mr. Bertrand Russell, in a penetrating analysis, called into serious question exactly those political dogmas which need examination the more because they are so lightly accepted. A similar opportunity was opened to Professor Giddings in this volume. In some sort the most eminent of American sociologists, he could have told us in what aspect the theories for which he has stood sponsor have suffered change in the crisis to which they have been subjected. The very theme he has chosen to discuss was particularly apt for that purpose. How to render the state responsible for its acts and yet to leave it the power adequately to achieve its purpose is above all the problem of this time. Upon such a subject Professor Giddings has a special right to be heard; yet he seems deliberately to have rejected his opportunity. Instead, he has written what is nothing so much as one of those famous seven-column leaders in which, in more leisure times, Colonel Henry Watterson explained the nature of his private universe to the perspiring readers of the Louisville Courier-Journal. Nothing of the scholar is in this lecture except an admirable table of contents; and even that advantage has the lure of betrayal since its promise is nowhere fulfilled in the body of the book.

The problem of the responsible state is essentially a problem in organization. For practical purposes it arises with the Reformation, when the state shook itself free from the trammels of the church and claimed for its acts a divinity not unlike that asserted by its former mistress. Even when, with the French Revolution, divinity shrunk to nothingness, omnipotence remained; and the problem of how to combine with the widespread yearning for individual freedom the supposed irresponsibility of the sovereign power became the fundamental enquiry of political science. In part, at least, that problem was answered by those who founded the American Commonwealth; for it is only by monstrosities of logic that the sovereign power in America can be made to fit the Austinian canon. In part, also, and increasingly, a solution has been afforded by the growing perception among jurists that what we call acts of state are, in reality, acts of government; and these, it has been perceived, become acts of state according as they win the acquiescence of the mass of men. There is then grave reason to lay down rules by which the life of government must be bounded; and anyone who studies, to take the most famous example, the evolution of recent administrative law in France, will have the material at his disposal for a comprehensive answer to the question. A third source of enquiry is not less suggestive. The state, until recent times, has attempted to make its authority commensurate with the bounds of mind, and thus to identify itself, as it is identified by Hegelians like Dr. Bosanquet, with the social life as a whole. But from a whole variety of associations, churches, trade-unions, private fellowships of men, denial of that claim has been sharply made; and there seems today no a priori reason why loyalty to the state should be predominant over every other collective affection. The latest picture of political organization, indeed, refuses to regard the state as anything more than a gigantic association of consumers, and to regard the organized business of production as in its own sphere not less paramount. In all these aspects sovereignty, except for the technical jurist, is simply a question of measuring influences, of testing the balance of will against will, idea against idea. To conceive it as irresistible and indivisible, to regard, that is to say, the lawyer's theory of sovereignty as anything more than a very partial and usually inapplicable truth, is to miss the lesson of a generation's thinking.

Few of us there are but would have had cause to be grateful for Professor Giddings' speculations upon these problems. It is true, of course, that the study of political organization is by far the most difficult of all tasks, though men like de Tocqueville and Mill, in one generation, and Mr. Graham Wallas and Mr. Zimmern in our own, have shown us what charm lies inherent in its persuasive presentation. Professor Giddings, however, has chosen the easier way. The fever of war is in his blood. He chafes with anxiety to say hard and bitter things. He wants to get the luxurious crudities of patriotism out of his system. As a consequence, his essay is little more than a programme of what he would wish the state to be—a private utopia that is even less valuable than most utopias are likely to be.

The first myth of political science, we are told, is that the few must always dominate. The "perfect example" of this phenomenon is the fact that from August, 1914, there were men in America who knew that this country must take its stand by England and France. The gratuitous sneer of Professor Giddings at the President (p. 22) was, in any case, unnecessary to his thesis; but as a proof of minority rule the example could, surely, be hardly less happy. Almost all of those who thought, in 1916, that America ought to be fighting for the Allies flocked to the banner of Mr. Hughes; and those who determined that America should intervene lived neither in New York nor Washington, but in Berlin. Here, as elsewhere, the truth is that you cannot discover the real rulers of a society; and their ultimate dependence upon public opinion makes this large generalization of Professor Giddings, as he crudely states it, worthless.

When Professor Giddings passes to discuss the rights and duties of the state he becomes, frankly, a maker of sermons. There is no pretense at the scientific statement of problems or the scientific selection of materials. In the interest of propaganda things are ascribed to the German philosophers which could equally well be ascribed to the French or Roman or English. Easy phrases are used to conceal the difficulties that are skirted; and the problem of the right of a minority in war-time—perhaps the problem of greatest urgency today—is solved (p. 76) exactly in the grim Teutonic fashion of the absolute state. Professor Giddings even accepts the ancient fiction that the real cause of this war is the military unpreparedness of Great Britain; and he seems to imagine that the condition of Switzerland is proof of the general compatibility of freedom with universal military service. His conception of political duties is expressed in polite and meaningless phrases that are essentially unrelated to the facts about us. What is really valuable in the assertion that "civilization is honor, fidelity to obligations, and human comprehension"? What is the value of contrasting this barren ideal with the straw Kultur beloved of the cheapest journalism? "Kultur," Professor Giddings writes, "cares only for efficiency . . . for mental power it cares as a means to mastery . . . for social order it cares as a means to discipline. For education it cares as a teaching of obedience. . ." This is meant as an indictment of Berlin, but it might equally well serve as the description of the average great American business enterprise. War or no

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war, it is impossible to believe that America would refuse the homage they deserve to men like Mommsen and Ranke and Niebuhr.

It is one of the tragedies of this war that a large section of our American intellectuals seems determined to emulate the valueless and loud-mouthed loyalty of men like Sombart and Haeckel and Eucken. The experience of England and France during the last four years, if it has been of any service to America, has been in its demonstration of the utter futility of the ostrich-like patriotism which buries its head in the sand and so blinds itself to the forces about it. There was never a time when the careful and dispassioned examination of ideas was so greatly needed. The real test of American civilization is not its ability to vie with that of Germany in throaty abuse but in its generous effort to rebuild the world. And it is the most serious betrayal of which a man can be guilty to use great talents and eminent reputation in the service of another cause.

H. J. L.

# Two Irish Critics

*Anglo-Irish Essays, by John Eglinton. New York: John Lane Co. $1.35. Appreciations and Depreciations, Irish Literary Studies, by Ernest A. Boyd. New York: John Lane Co. $1.35.*

JOHN EGLINTON is the essayist of whom George Moore wrote "He doubts everything, even his own beautiful prose." Anglo-Irish Essays has had two predecessors, Pebbles from the Brook and Two Essays on the Remnant, but the present is the first volume by this reticent writer that looks as if it was intended to reach a public.

The three final essays in the collection—Sincerity, Reafforestation and A Cause, with the essay of A Way of Understanding Nietzsche, will probably be considered as having the widest appeal. And when one reads them one is assured that George Moore was mistaken. John Eglinton does not doubt everything; he believes in the solace of nature, he believes in the benefit of emancipation from the riches of the world, he believes that the idealists—"the remnant," as he calls them elsewhere—have a function in modern society. It is to the idealists—to the intellectuals seen, not as the directors of ordinary citizens' lives, but as the Chosen People strayed back into their Egypt—that the most thoughtful of the essays are addressed.

John Eglinton's essential idea is to be seen in the function that he would have the idealists discharge. It is not their part to give advice to the ordinary citizen on every province of civic activity as the Shaws and the Wellses and the Bennetts do. "One suspects that the ordinary citizen can look after his own affairs surprisingly well. It is not for guidance in mundane matters that the man of affairs looks to the man of thought—to whom in general he is infinitely well-disposed—but for something that he feels that he has not got himself, and that the thinker ought to be able to give him." (A Cause).

The idealist, to be able to give such aid, must be amongst those who make a refusal of the world's riches. He should be properly a recipient of alms. The perfect state of society would be reached when the rich gave willingly to the poor—that is, to the voluntarily poor, to the idealists. "And in doing so would be assisting a cause and an ideal in which they themselves believe." (A Cause). Then society would have its proper Mentors in "A brood of fakirs and eremites, with souls uncompromisingly exclusive of the otiose and the insincere; poets whose poverty in mere opinion excludes them from society, but whose rare thoughts have the beauty and finality of wayside flowers." (Sincerity).

A book of essays like these makes us notice how rare today is the form that John Eglinton handles. Writing for the newspapers and the reviews compels us to turn out the editorial and the critique. But here is a writer who has sufficient leisure of mind to think candidly and to put his thoughts down in an agreeable order. To read these essays —especially the final ones—is to let oneself be drawn away from clashes of opinion into a world where finer relationships between things can be perceived.

John Eglinton is the least obtrusive of the Irish writers. If he has not, like the later A. E., involved himself in Irish affairs, he has not, on the other hand, like Bernard Shaw, detached himself completely. He is very much concerned with certain Irish problems and the bulk of his essays are on Irish topics. But he is always touching on an intellectual interest and his touch internationalizes his topic. In Ireland the greater number of these essays will be taken as a disconcerting criticism of Sinn Fein. When one says this one is apt to hear someone remark "But surely the only critic Sinn Fein needs is the policeman." No. The policeman cannot act against imponderables.

Sinn Fein has an intellectual history that goes back for at least twenty years. The makers of that history have not been only Arthur Griffith and the men who are in prison with him at the moment—they are W. B. Yeats, A. E., Douglas Hyde, Standish O'Grady, Horace Plunkett and a crowd of others whose names outside of Dublin would convey nothing. They have built up a doctrine from which the separatist movement in Ireland draws its imponderables. That doctrine, briefly, is that Ireland is a sort of Judea in the modern world and that she has problems of conservation, reconciliation and creation that will take up all her energies. Sinn Fein armed and resistant is merely the militant form of this doctrine.

And John Eglinton criticizes it all in an unobtrusive and disconcerting way. The doctrine has been created, he intimates, by the Anglo-Irish taking up the terms and the traditions of the Celtic Irish and stating them with a seriousness which the Celtic Irish—"ironical, sensual, gregarious and too clever by half"—had no conception of. But the Anglo-Irish should have something better to do than build on ideas that make for separation. To them destiny entrusted the task of unifying and governing Ireland as clearly as to the Anglo-Norman race it committed the task of governing England. The Anglo-Irish have let power and leadership lapse from their hands. The premature introduction of democratic ideas into Ireland at the close of the eighteenth century frightened them and they made over their parliament to Pitt so as to let England deal with the Celtic Irish. John Eglinton calls on the Anglo-Irish—but no, one cannot imagine him calling—he suggests to them that they must recover their leadership. Then "intellectual and political life will find their true centre, and a great many things and persons appearing at the centre of Irish life will find their proper place at the outskirts." (Preface). By shifting the emphasis from the Celtic to the Anglo-Irish claim he takes away a sanction from Sinn Fein—the sanction of a racial wish-fulfilment.

He intends these papers to be provocative and so he names them "Anglo-Irish Essays," conscious that "the Sinn Fein doctrine of the Mere Irish hardly allows our right to exist." (Preface). He alludes to the Celtic Irish as the Mere Irish and he writes of the Anglo-Irishman as the Modern Irishman. This provocative tone is to the good. In Irish intellectual life opinions are rarely pressed to a

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conclusion and an easy-going tolerance is the rule. John Eglinton's insistence upon the Anglo-Irish claim will provoke some reactions in Irish thought. I do not think that the Celtic Irish will object to any of the Anglo-Irish assuming the title of Modern Irishman. However, if a distinction has to be made I think they would prefer to be known, not as Mere Irish, which is an outsider's description, but as Milesian Irish, the name by which they have known themselves for a thousand years.

How disconcerting to the orthodox Irish Nationalist his criticism can be is shown in the essay, The Best Irish Poem (the poem he writes about is the Midnight Court, a Gaelic poem, by Brian Merriman). He is writing of the penal times which the orthodox Nationalist looks back on as days of wailing and woe which only supreme racial virtue enabled his forebears to live through.

Perhaps, indeed, the dear Irishman is never so unconvincing as when he talks, as he is so fond of doing, of the horrible events of the penal times, as if they were entirely undeserved, or as if, from his own point of view, they did not prove a blessing in disguise. But for the penal regulations Ireland would doubtless have been, at the time of O'Connell, as much an English-speaking country as Scotland. The modern Gaelic movement is in direct descent from the battle of the Boyne, which threw the Celtic world back on itself and arrested that disintegration of the old language which was already far advanced. The penal regulations were a very mild form of that discipline to which every race which has ever done anything in the world has been at some time subjected, and the lack of which till then in Ireland is probably the cause of its having missed hitherto both that political and literary destiny for which the Irishman, both physically and mentally, is so well fitted. As it was, that period proved, as far as matters could at so late a date be mended, his salvation. With nothing to do but to keep quiet, Gaelic Ireland at length achieved in its own despite something like unity. The population steadily increased, and whereas at the beginning of the seventeenth century there were only about half a million Gaelic speakers in Ireland, by the end of the eighteenth century a big nation had come into existence, which has been the main problem of the British Empire ever since. As regards literature, this period was, by all accounts, the golden age of Irish poetry. Not only did many of the mediaeval tales and poems then receive their final shape, but a sudden expansion of form and metre brought into the poems of the Celts the passion and genius of their melodies. During the "Augustan age" of English literature poems were written in Ireland which have far more in common with later developments of English poetry —with poems, for example, like Shelley's When the Lamp Is Shattered, or George Meredith's Love in the Valley— than anything produced by the "wits" of the London coffee houses.

By taking up the terms and traditions of the Mere Irishman, the Modern Irishman, John Eglinton tells us, has created the present Irish Literary Revival. "The pretense," he writes, "that the Modern Irishman is the Mere Irishman has imparted something of a Della Cruscan artificiality to the literary movement which ended in bloodshed in Easter Week." There is a great deal of truth in this. But, even as he wrote it, was not John Eglinton cast into doubt by the emergence of the author of a Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man? Here is a writer belonging to the Milesian Irish by his social and intellectual tradition who yet accomplishes something more modern than anything any of the Modern Irishmen have done. John Eglinton may say that James Joyce's name is not specifically Celtic. If he says so we will have to remind him that his own name— not the name he prefers to write under—is Celtic enough to permit even a tyro in Irish geneologies to knit him to the line of Melidh. The point I make is that an intellectual and social tradition, not a racial difference, makes the real distinction in Irish life, and that the Mere Irish, or, as I should prefer to call them, the Milesian Irish, having won for themselves an abiding place in the soil and having been fired and disciplined by the events and movements of the past twenty years, will make themselves more and more conspicuous. As matters stand, the Milesian-Irish National University, although it is not quite ten years in existence, has a resiliency that makes the Anglo-Irish Trinity College seem sluggish.

One can read Appreciations and Depreciations in the light of Anglo-Irish Essays, or one can read Anglo-Irish Essays in the light of Appreciations and Depreciations. John Eglinton would suggest to you that the writers that Mr. Boyd exhibits as initiating national movements were really engaged in some private affairs between themselves and themselves, and Mr. Boyd will convince you that John Eglinton himself belongs to a movement. That which will surprise most readers of this volume is the amount of critical thought that has guided the so-called revival. The literary movement in Ireland has been regarded as an imaginative flare-up. But Ernest Boyd, by showing us the thought of such pioneers as Standish O'Grady, A. E., John Eglinton, lets us see that much critical intelligence went to prepare the way. A. E., for instance, writing at an early stage of the movement, suggested that the function of Irish literature would be "to create a national ideal in Ireland, or rather to let that spirit incarnate fully which began among the

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ancient people, which has haunted the hearts and whispered a dim revelation of itself through the lips of bards and peasant story tellers." He would have had the modern poets take a special interest in the heroic tales. John Eglinton, on the other hand, urged that what would come out of the modern treatment of the heroic stories would be, not a national literature, but mere belles-lettres. National literature he defined as "the outcome and expression of a strong interest in life itself," whereas "belles-lettres seek subjects outside experience." "It is from the poet's soul," he urged, "that the poetic light is cast upon the world and not from the world upon the poet's soul. . . . the poem that is to justify the modern world must, in the first place, be a man." It must be a song of victory, of the virtue of man, which will restore to him a sense of his own identity and his own greatness. Indeed more critical thought than Mr. Boyd can let us see went to the shaping of the new Irish literature. There is no study of Yeats in Appreciations and Depreciations. Yet Yeats was from the first as much the critic as he was the poet of the movement.

It is not Mr. Boyd's intention to give us a series of studies of the pioneers of the modern literary movement in Ireland. What he gives us is studies of the work and personalities of six outstanding Irishmen of letters—A. E., John Eglinton, Lord Dunsany, Standish O'Grady, Bernard Shaw, Edward Dowden. And the chief value of the volume is that it is by a critic who is really an Irish critic—not merely a critical intelligence taking note of certain work done in Ireland. Ernest Boyd has a conception of a distinct Irish mentality and for him there exists the problem of creating an Irish culture. This conception permits him to show a success or a failure that would not be apparent to an outside critic. More studies have been written upon Bernard Shaw than upon any other writer living. Yet Mr. Boyd, by seeing his intellectual history as that of an Irish Protestant, is able to disclose a real and unnoticed factor in Shaw's work.

His escape to London lifted Shaw not only out of the family environment, but also out of the atmosphere of political and religious concentration, which made all but a few Irishmen incapable of disinterested thinking. Instead of having to bring the dogmas of the factions to the test of every idea, he was permitted by freer conditions to indulge in the natural interplay of ideas, irrespective of their value to the cause of autonomy or dependence. Yet so strong was the Protestant imprint that Shaw did not fail to conform to type in handling the problems which engaged his attention. Being under no necessity of declaring himself for or against England, as would have been necessary in Ireland, he was able to assume the air of impartiality. With the true Irishman's sense of being an alien, he criticized English affairs as a spectator, while the absence of party compulsion allowed him to express himself in terms irreconcilable with orthodox Nationalist criticism. Had he been in Ireland, or had he carried with him the traditional atmosphere, he would not have avoided the inevitable dilemma: either to accept England with all her faults, or to cling to Ireland because of her virtues. In short, as an Irish Protestant, no longer in direct contact with "the enemy," he could utter aloud the thoughts which tradition would have forced him to keep private lest he betray the cause of loyalism to its adversaries.

Mr. Boyd is valuable as a critic of the Irish literary movement, because, knowing the modern literatures of Europe, he can make the proper evaluations. He is destined to be the spokesman of the movement.

PADRAIC COLUM.

# Loose and Fast

*Where Bonds Are Loosed, by E. L. Grant Watson. New York: Alfred Knopf. $1.25.*

*On the Stairs, by Henry B. Fuller. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25.*

IN a style that is at times crude, often mediocre, and always more or less unintentionally reticent, Mr. Watson leads us into strange ways and foreign seas. The author has two theses to advance, out of solitude and storm. One is that there is no bludgeoning too hard for life so long as the individual soul is strong enough to shake away all the old evaluations. The other is that those natures finally dominate that have the strongest foundation of elemental, of primitive, desire to stand upon when the props of civilization and the conserving influence of the herd are lost to them.

There are two islands lying thirty miles apart somewhere in the seas about New Ireland. Into this realm the author drops us with his characters as he might into an unoccupied building, and leaves us. On one island is the government hospital for the men from among the savage subjects on the mainland; here Sherwin, the yeoman Englishman, has charge; with his half tamed black to serve his wants. On the other island the hospital for women, the old doctor, the nurses, the brilliant young doctor and scientist, Hicksey. And then Nurse Desmond, who has a past scored to her credit. And gradually the love between her and Dr. Hicksey. And at length the struggle between these two; between them and Sherwin; among the three; and between Sherwin and the woman.

The originality and the warm promise of the book lies, I think, in a kind of strange, poetic and persistent seriousness that runs throughout, a something solemn-eyed and seemingly inefficient. Say, for example, the writer has in the back of his mind the slow tedium of this island, the stifling heat, the corroding thoughts that once ran high. These are fearsome places in a book. Readers have an eye out for boredom; ambitious writers are shy of it. But it is one of the traits of greatness to risk a sublime tedium; to believe in the validity of the matter spread out to the bounds of the inspiration. Happily Mr. Watson never bores us. He puts us through stillness, through grayness, suspense, platitude, glowing intensities. Meanwhile his material contrives perpetually to seem bigger than his saying of it.

And as the book progresses we are aware of the ebb of consideration, of conventional regard, of complexity. There is more and more power, more pressure. The world is less moral, more primal. The mind tries to recognize forces but not to order them. More and more by the psychology of their own natures in their isolation and in the end completely by the act of killing, are the central characters cut off from civilization. The reader becomes non-moral. He regards these people and their actions on the basis of the elemental in them, and believes that henceforth their chance for new expression depends alone on the unflinching and naked vitality in them.

To turn from this book to Mr. Fuller's is to face suddenly a casual wall with an etching hung upon it.

The first impression is of the writer's being afraid of boring one. This fear of boredom is a trait among our American writers especially. But why should an author think that anything in his judgment worth thinking and saying should be unable to interest us? It may be defended as a sense of humor on the writer's part, not to

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take himself too seriously. But it is more like calling on an eminent man who sits in the midst of a beautiful old room, of used books and pictures, and tells anecdotes, jokes and limericks. The time seems wasted; barkeeps know better stories and reporters better limericks. One wants men to take themselves as gaily as they choose but seriously, and to leave one's taste and judgment to decide how far to agree with them in the matter. These concessions, this skittishness, belong to lesser men; the rest—the Molières and Jane Austens as well as the grand serious—take their full strides.

Mr. Fuller is neither cheap nor anecdotal, but he fears to drag. He does himself an injustice by such sketchiness at times; and needs to give the play and insight of his mind less of this self-conscious clipping. But looked at more and more, his work gains on one by its lines. It is sharply observed, trim, above all open. The two men in the middle western town start, one at the top, one at the bottom, of social life. The first is delicately vague, passionless, proud, no splendid faults, no ardent virtues, the kind of neutral soul that Dante shut out from hell and over whom he set the damned as glorious. The other man is full of unheroic vitality, not unkind, healthily selfish, honest in the big business sense, immediate, enthusiastic and obvious. Money, birth, the growth of the city, wives, children, travel, enterprise, culture and the war are all included in the picture. The time comes when the two men meet at the middle of the stair, one going up, the other coming down. And one finally reaches the bottom, the other the top. Neither are places of any great or intense significance; it implies after all only a descent into boarding houses and more or less obscurity on one hand and a North Shore palace and Country Club and bank on the other; the story remains true to its material.

The tone of the whole picture is admirably kept. We have here an entire social world seen steadily, sometimes satirically, never lovingly but never unkindly, seen from a vantage point of a sort of tidy-heartedness and middle class commonsense. A commonsense that is shrewd, informed, rather provincially sane, shy of passion and yet human; like the face of some business man seen in our cities now and then, that looks sharp and amiable at once, starved and a little wistful, appeased and confident.

Beyond both the daylight and dry-point of such a book, the other book seems a little mad, seems young and noble and poetic. It seems to send back into our nearer lives—even to life led as in the other book—a sense of the power and the forces in us. And it becomes strangely closer to us, in spite of its far-off seas and isolation, than all the delightful crackle and sanity of Mr. Fuller's work.

S. Y.

## Contributors

### to this Issue

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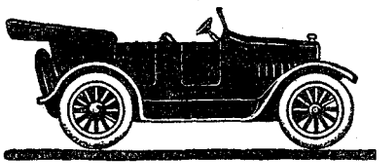
H. G. WELLS.



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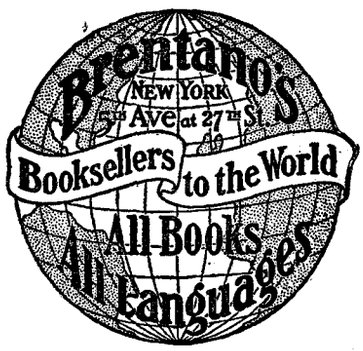




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